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# IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN

## AND OTHER VERSE

BY

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Author of "Sonnets, Songs, Laments," etc.



BOSTON

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1911

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TO  
THE THREE CHEVALIERS  
ONE IMMORTAL  
WHO HAVE MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE  
AND TO  
AN EAGLE AND A DOVE  
WHOSE SPLENDID FLIGHTS HAVE  
BEEN EXAMPLE AND INSPIRATION  
THESE VERSES ARE DEDICATED

## AN EAGLE AND A DOVE

They mate not and yet mate, these wondrous two.  
The one mounts up with mighty wings that beat  
To tractless solitudes, content to meet  
No rival but the sun, and would break through  
The sky's supreme immeasurable blue  
To conquer him, and heeding cold nor heat  
Insatiate mounts and mounts, nor will retreat  
Till conquering, he shall the sun outdo.  
The other waits divinely calm to know  
From the white glory in her soul, how best  
To bear a healing balm to some great woe,  
And wears the whole of heaven within her breast,  
And while the eagle seeks the sun to know  
What lies beyond the sun, the dove has guessed.

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**BOOK I**  
**IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN**





## IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN

### CANTO I

O FAIREST of the Fair, would I could send  
My soul to thee, across the upper skies,  
To thee, whose eyes are like the stars that rise  
In sight of morning, and with morning blend.

The heavy pomegranate scents that lie  
In dusky splendor of thy flooding hair  
Are wafted by the flame-winged birds that fly  
Fanning in scarlet triumph through the air.

I hear the insects droning in the heat,  
I hear the south winds through the palm trees  
    sigh,  
Incarnate music seems to swoon and die  
In all the lutes of Summer at thy feet.

Thou seemst for some mystery to wait;  
Thou knowest ecstasies of lutes enfold  
Summer's consummate breath: I bring thee bold  
One ecstasy, than Summer's all, more great.

At coming of thy footsteps I rejoice,  
Thou art the playmate of the winds and flowers  
I know no time, I only count the hours  
In which I hear the music of thy voice.

The days grow more divine with thee, the nights  
Are mighty with thy presence; and the moon  
Bends low o'er thee, as to the heart of June  
And spills o'er thee, its million silver lights.

I follow thee, as shadow follows light  
I worship thee, as some transcendent star  
Tangled in meshes of the worlds afar  
That is too perfect to be hidden from sight.

I hardly dare to kiss thy hand "good-night"  
Thou art so beautiful, thou seemst to wear  
The high reserve that the eternal bear  
Turning their faces towards the mystic light.

The winds across the jasmine cease to blow,  
The scarlet-breasted birds their raptures hush,  
And o'er the breast of evening falls a flush  
Hearing thee, virgin-hearted, praying low.

Good-night, O Love! The golden days are fleet  
The doves are flocking homeward to their eaves  
A fluttering silence falls upon the leaves  
Go, fold thine eyes, the doves will watch thee,  
Sweet.  
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

## CANTO II

Thou comest from thy tent of sleep away  
With an auroral calm upon thy face,  
Waiting awhile in the white dawn's embrace,  
Ere thou shalt quaff the golden wine of day.

The flowers are drenched with dew, the garden  
waits

Transfiguration of the rising sun  
That slowly mounts and mounts till it is won  
To pay thee tribute at its unbarred gates.

As if heaven had been drained of golden fire  
The world from East to West is drenched in it  
And thou, thy calm, strange, beauty, glory-lit  
Adown the azalia pathway drawest nigher.

O Peerless One, how whisper what I feel!  
I search the æolian voices in the air  
For one divine enough my love to bear,  
Whose homage is so great I fain would kneel.

Thou lookest up, with thy young eyes aglow  
Creation's sunrise transport, I partake  
O heart, if thou canst bear to beat, nor break  
Teach me some heavenly way my love to show.

Once more the morning blazons into day,  
Once more the insects trumpet through the heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

I know not is it June or Paradise,  
A tender mist hangs o'er the matchless sky  
A line of pink marks where the ripples die  
And into souls of murmuring sea-shells rise.

And so we silent wander hand in hand.  
What need of speech? We are content to share  
The language of the earth and upper air.  
It is enough—eternity is spanned.

Good-night! Good-night, Beloved, thou canst not  
    stay  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves  
Go Sweet, and come forth with the virgin day.  
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

### CANTO III

Thou comest, and the birds sing clear and high  
To greet thee, O thou Dreamer of White Dreams,  
Along the pathway auriolated with the gleams  
Dropped from a silver cloud that roams the sky.

The sun, as waiting thee, is hidden away,  
In mists diaphonous that trail the East  
And drape thee, as for some transcendent feast  
In gauzy opalescence of the day.

Then as thou standest, sudden above the flowers  
The sun seeing thee, sets the whole world aglow  
And lilies weep for joy, and birds sing low  
And the new day is born, and heaven is ours.

For us, O Best Beloved, the glow will stay,  
For us, sunrise will be from morn till night;  
And though we see time, poised as if for flight,  
For us, for evermore will be the day.

O Sweet, I read in those strange eyes of thine  
The calm of saints that travels ray on ray  
The circling of the million suns that sway  
Toward the lilled sweeps of fields divine.

And so we watch the crimson roses blow  
And golden sunshine drifting through the trees  
And hear the South wind's whispers of litanies  
And soundless deeps of the eternal know.

And once more morning blazons into day  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

Why seeing thee, must I so silent be?  
Who know that thou art fairest of the fair,  
Why do I not proclaim it through the air  
Until the butterflies bring word to thee?

Why do I not call into the blue abyss  
Thou, Flower of the Universe, art here  
And bid the winds blow thee, from hill tops near  
Its heavenly benediction and its kiss.

If I am silent, thou art silent, too;  
The birds are singing what we fain would say  
The flowers are breathing it along the way  
Sparks glittering star the air, as if they knew.

The shadows lengthen,—sunrise still in sight,—  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves,  
Thou turnest away, ah, must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

#### CANTO IV

O sky of chrysoprase with stars still lit  
When thou shalt hear the footsteps of my day  
Coming in soundless rhythm along the way  
Rush into saffron, and then drown in it.

Drown thyself deep in it, till hair astream,  
The sky shall swim to sight, and I shall see  
The fairest of the fair approaching me,  
And all, all else will vanish like a dream.

And hast thou come, Beloved, and dost thou know,  
The heavens magnificence is spread for thee?  
Come closer, Sweet, and let us watch and see  
The vast effulgence gulf us here below.

All is as yesterday, there is no sight  
Or scent, or sound, or bird on any tree  
That sings his scarlet-raptured dreams to thee  
That is forgotten, all is changeless bright.

The paths are lined with flowers, the poppies lift  
Their drowsy heads as if to nod salute,  
But though empulsed in music, we are mute,  
And sun enmarshaled into Eden drift.

And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

Oh Love, not worthy I thy slave to be,  
I am so poor a thing, so wondrous thou,  
Yet with thy virgin kiss upon my brow  
I wear a crown that kings might envy me.

Thine eyes that search the yellow flaming air  
Are shining, Sweet, as if the sight of rings  
That mark the upward path of glittering wings  
Had left consummate glory visioned there.

Lend me thy wondrous power that I may know  
As thou, O Sweet, the secret souls of things  
And learn that love that into flowering springs  
May the whole boundless universe outgrow.

And must I say good-night, sunrise in sight?  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves  
Ah, must I, must I, must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night!

## CANTO V

The birds at thy approach to chorus break  
As at a festival, O Peerless Fair,  
I see thee coming through the sunrise air  
Nearer and nearer until thy hand I take.

Then while thine hand within mine own is pressed,  
The birds still singing, glad and high and free  
As if to pay obeisance unto thee,  
The sun sails up, and bares its scarlet breast.

And thou and I, O Sweet, and thou and I,  
Beneath the glory wander to and fro  
And watch the fading of the sunrise glow  
And all the crystal morning splendor die.

To-day the breezes blow from far away  
Strange murmurous sounds like echoes of a flute,  
While yesterday the glittering leaves were mute,  
And which more beautiful, we cannot say.

The sky has slowly into sapphire grown,  
The flush has changed to amber in the air  
We scarce can breathe with joy too great to bear  
And birds still sing, although the birds are flown.



And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

O Sweet, for us, not long enough the days  
The mornings slip to noons, and ere we know  
The honeysuckles silver trumpets blow  
The sunset hour, and hills are drowned in haze.

The burnished golden shadows round us beat,  
An orange cloud is floating from the West;  
And still within mine own thy hand is pressed;  
This, this is our—forever—Sweet.

The fireflies flash, the stars gleam here and there  
The palm trees stand out purple, 'gainst the sky  
Almost we hear the weeping grasses sigh,  
And all the scents of Summer fill the air.

Thou goest away—the sunrise still in sight—  
The doves are flocking homeward to their eaves;  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves;  
And must I, Sweet, oh must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night!

## CANTO VI

Hither enwrapped in transparent light  
Where Summer has let down its golden bars  
Thou comest, who has slept watched by the stars,  
In the majestic cradle of the night.

Across the purple of the morning's breast  
The rosy tide has not yet wholly run  
And wider, wider yet to flood the sun  
We watched it, sweeping on from east to west.

O Sweet, the heavens have made us high bequest,  
In this omnipotence of rosy flame  
What other morn can such transcendence claim  
Is it, O Love, that glory is at crest?

How can we know which is the fairest tide?  
All, all, are fairest, since we closer drew  
And breathless watched the rapture as it flew  
And still looked on, nor knew when it had died.

Come, Love, with me beneath the palm trees shade  
And watch the scintillations of the heat  
Through the great arteries of the noon air beat  
While in the distance, Pipes of Pan are played.

And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

And as of old, the sylvan paths we tread  
And hear the inarticulate delight  
Of growing things, while Summer at its height  
Ablaze with music, burns to blue o'er head.

And so the Pipes of Pan play on, while we  
Watch day with cooler veins go drifting by  
And 'gainst the bare blue splendor of the sky,  
One great white butterfly down-sailing see.

And thou and I, O Sweet and thou and I,  
Who know how vast the earth and sky and air  
Hear fluttering wings around us everywhere,  
And are ourselves enwinged with ecstasy.

The twilight falls, the dear divine day dies,  
On the far hilltops sing the nightingales  
A golden-breasted moon above us sails  
And we sail past it through the opening skies.

And then thou goest, sunrise still in sight,  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves  
O Best Belovéd, must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

## CANTO VII

O Peerless One, my soul leaps up to hear  
Thy voice that through the air divinely calls  
Who watch thee, clad in a flooding veil that falls  
Enmeshed with sunrise splendor drawing near.

Above thee in an iridescent sea  
The sun with scarlet breath and blazing breast  
As if all Summer's joy was in it pressed  
Looks down through panoply of June, on thee.

Looks down on thee, O Beautiful, O Fair,  
As if adoring—and with gorgeous might  
Drops down on thee, a more translucent light  
Who, standst<sup>t</sup> upgazing like a saint at prayer.

And then thou comest with me, clad in light  
To watch the jasmine and the palms and rose  
And feel the warm wind that around us blows  
Laden with perfume of the dew clad night.

There are no changes, save that here and there  
Where some wild rose's petals lie in shower  
Another bud, has broken into flower  
And beauty, beauty still, is zenithed there.

And as we watch in love's unmapped degree,  
The matchless<sup>d</sup> sky, and palms and buds in glow,  
All the June's reckless splendor seems to flow  
Into our souls, like a resistless sea.

O Best Beloved, O Divine, O Sweet,  
We scarce can bear the rushing floods that shake  
Our hearts to such wild joy, they almost break  
As with the sweep of shoreless waves, they beat.

And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

The sun's light deepens, and its myriad rays  
Drop as it sweeps up to a goldener height  
And stabs us with unspeakable delight  
And sets the grasses at our feet ablaze.

Wilder than Pipes of Pan, tune after tune  
On winds that blow is borne us, until they grow  
So all divine, so heavenly sweet we know  
It is not music that we hear, but June.

The palm trees into shadows have been won;  
The clouds that drift out from the west, burn red;  
The tunes play on, although the sun is dead  
Play on, play on, and still, still, still, play on.

Thou goest away—the sunrise still in sight—  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves—  
And must I, must I, must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

### CANTO VIII

Hasten, oh hasten, Love, I wait for thee  
To watch the half-oped rose of sunrise blow  
And drop on thee, its sea-shell flush below  
And flood thee with its boundless radiancy.

I see thee, coming and around thee flows  
A vast resplendence—and to cheat the day  
The sunrise-scattered petals round thee lay  
And it is thou, thou, Sweet, that wearst the rose.

And then, O Sweet, the sky bereaved, o'ercast,  
With flecks as of remembrance is lined  
And here and there a petal left behind  
Fades, till its silent breast is blue at last.

The rose is dead, but in the East the sun  
Has burned itself a place, and flings around  
A flood of melted gold upon the ground,  
Through which, toward the flowers our feet are  
won.

O Sweet, the world is like a rainbow arc  
Radiant with burning joys of yesterdays;  
We wander on, where the gold light still stays,  
It matters not which way, who know no dark.

And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

The roses that we see, not roses are,  
They are our dreams transfixed; the perfect glow  
Of this o'erwhelming passion that we know,  
The blood-red glory of love's morning star.

There is no cloud upon the turquoise sky  
The golden hush is palpitant and deep  
Nature itself seems to have fallen asleep  
And tranced aloft, the zephyrs breathe no sigh.

The silence to transfiguration slips  
And thou and I, in an enchanted dream  
Float outward on the bosom of a stream  
Out, out, and out, toward the apocalypse.

We know not, that the day is waning fast  
Nor that a dusky purple floods the air  
We still drift on, and still drift on, to where  
There is no earth, only the eternal vast.

The purple darkens, sunrise still in sight—  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves  
Must I, O Sweet, and must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

### CANTO IX

Day, day is here, and of all other days  
This is divinest, for I take thy hand  
And know that all of earth and heaven is spanned  
In the white innocence of thy gaze.

Thou art areek with Summer, and in might  
Of thy strange beauty, thou hast claim to share  
The glory of the sun, who, unaware  
Has dropped upon thy face his fullest light.

The birds sail down from heaven, because so fair  
And as in homage, come and sing to thee  
And sunlit clouds that sail the upper sea  
Lingering above thy head grow goldener there.

And yesterday, and yesters, yesterday  
It was the same, and earth and air and sky  
Seemed to yearn toward thee, as thou drewest  
    nigh  
And grow to shadow, when thou turnd'st away.

The sunshine is aflood with butterflies,  
That to its myriads golden ladders keep:  
We see the hills, engulfed in azure sleep  
Pillowed upon the bosom of the skies.

And thou and I, O Sweet, and thou and I,  
Drink deep the undregged goblet of delight  
And know that we have been vouchsafed the sight  
Of the eternal fires that burn on high.

And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat,  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

O Love, it is Omnipotence that reigns,  
The earth is throbbing with it, prism'ed with  
    light,  
And the whole reckless sky, with June at height,  
Like liquid heaven is racing through our veins.

The heart of Summer beats in everything;  
We hear it in the buds that sighing blow;  
We hear it in the river's lapping flow;  
And birds keep time with it on whirring wing.



A golden haze, the golden sunshine meets,  
The dews are weeping for the day that dies  
We know not as the emblazoned vapors rise  
If it is Summer's heart, or ours that beats.

The Western glory flickers and burns low  
The sun has drowned itself in sea of red  
And thou and I, beneath the light o'erhead  
O Sweet, O Fair, through gates of Jasper go.

And night drops down, the sunrise still in sight;  
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves;  
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves,  
And must I, must I, must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night!

## CANTO X

And thou art here, here, Love and one white star  
That loitered till thou camest has pierced its way  
Into the burning bosom of the day  
And seeing thee, has vanished out of sight.

The sun mounts up, and mounting higher and  
higher  
We watch it hand in hand until it sends  
Its greeting to the world, and as it bends  
Down-scatters at our feet its jeweled fire.

Across the blazing arch, cloud after cloud  
Like fleecy phantoms of the day, goes by  
And into silence of the earth and sky  
The music of creation seems to crowd.

A single sunbeam that has hither strayed  
Marks out a golden path through which we go  
To the high solitudes where lilies blow  
And where, hark, Sweet, the Pipes of Pan are  
    played.

And once more morning blazons into day,  
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat  
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet  
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

So blue the sky, so passionately blue  
It seems to melt into infinity  
And we who, raptured can Beyond descrye  
Lifted upon its breast, melt upward, too.

And then O Love, we watch until afar,  
The sunset clouds adown the horizon sweep  
And burn to gold; and as if waked from sleep  
Amid the smoldering glow an amethyst star.

O Best Belovéd, O Divine, O Sweet,  
The mystery and wonder of these days  
Bears me to where, beyond the sunset haze  
I see the light through which archangels beat.

The tender night wind blows across the flowers;  
Heaven's undertone is swelling as we go,  
O Love, from the forever that we know,  
Into the new Forever, still more ours.

The dew's fall fast, with sunrise still in sight  
The flocking doves are slumbering 'neath their  
    eaves,  
We know the whispered secrets of the leaves  
O Best Belovéd, must I say good-night?  
Heart of my Heart, good-night!



BOOK II

SONNETS TO

A SAPPHIC SINGER



## I

WHEN thou and I had parted, Sweet, and night  
Had drowned the twilight in its purple sea,  
The stars that amber flashing shone o'er me,  
Like sparks of the burned day showered into  
sight,

Seemed to, mysterious echo from their height  
Thy minstrel soul's insistent minstrelsy;  
And all the skies were palpitate with thee,  
Who art, heaven voiced, epiphany of light;  
Although but pathways through Spring violets  
In sunlit fields thine April feet have known,  
Thou understandest every tide that frets  
My shoreless heart, life's swirling maelstrom's  
shown

Its pangs, desires, and infinite regrets,  
Because thou wear'st the rose of Song, full blown.

## II

Beloved of Music, radiant with the might  
Of lyric passion, that mysterious glows,  
They, chosen of old to wear the Pierian rose,  
Make room for thee; for, Greek-souled, thou hast  
sight

Vouchsafed alone, to those who dwell on height  
Where once dwelt gods; and all the fire that goes  
From sun to sunrise through thy being flows;  
Bearing thy heaven-winged dreams to heavenliest  
flight.

Thou capturest Beauty if on land or sea,  
Shining or sad; and the wild rains that wet  
The Spring's first born divine anemone  
Thou who art pulsed with pulse of Spring canst  
set

Into a song that will drop melody!  
And, sapphic cadenced, sublimate regret.



## III

Yea, and a matchless day with gold supreme  
And zenithed sun, and clouds that eastward go,  
Thou canst so tangle in thy verses' flow  
Th' emblazoned light in every word will gleam;  
Sing'st thou of lilies in a silver stream,  
And in thy lines they pulsate, aye, and blow,  
And all the ripples into rhythms grow,  
And thou canst attar Summer in a dream.  
Go— and in splendor of some perfect line  
The flawless heart of some great truth disclose,  
And lyric inspiration that shall shine,  
As into Song's resplendent sea it flows—  
So sunned in it, Thought's sovereigns shall divine  
Thy classic right to wear the Pierian rose.

## IV

Dream thine own dreams, Dear Heart, in thine  
own way,  
And how to shape them best, thou best wilt know ;  
They are so fair, so fair, that they may blow  
Into white hyacinths, 'neath the sun, some day :  
And left in garden of the gods to stray,  
If thou shouldst wear them, when they blossom  
so,  
Into them, souls of nightingales will go,  
Sung from thy heart, as from the heart of May.  
The world has need of what its dreamers lend,  
Nor knows, with vapors chilled, its need how  
great ;  
But let thy song, despite the mist, ascend :  
Unloose thy prisoned nightingales, nor wait,  
And thy winged hyacinthine dreams may blend  
With dreams of those who with th' immortals  
rate.

## V

Nor be disheartened, nor grow mute with pain,  
Because the world is careless of thy song;  
Sing on; some one grown weary in the throng  
Will hear the Spring's voice call in every strain,  
And breathe the scent of hyacinths again,  
And for the burdens of the day grow strong.  
Life's disenchantments will be swept along,  
But—memories of the hyacinths will remain.  
Thou walk'st in garden of the gods, by right  
Thou hast no other choice than wander there,  
And yet Gethsemane is in full sight;  
Still, still unloose thy nightingales, to bear  
Song's bleeding testimony, it has might,  
The world to bless, if it can ease despair.

## VI

Although our ways awhile have lain apart  
I have not lost thee, Sweet: I go my way  
Holding thee dear as Aphrodite, may  
Feeling the grace of thy serener heart.  
My thoughts keep pace with thee, where'er thou  
art

I know with what high rapture thou wilt stay  
To watch the golden-hearted lilies sway  
And see the blushes on the hawthorne start—  
And so thou art still mine; I follow thee  
Seeing thee not; Yet when soft gusts of rain  
Tangled with sunshine, borne from off the sea  
Shall wet thy cheek, ere it has dried again  
However dull with weeping I may be  
I shall feel April in my every vein.

## VII

I know not Sweet, nor do I seek to know  
Wherefore thou sets this April day apart  
If kneeling at some shrine thou bar'st thy heart  
In adoration or to ease its woe  
If tears of rapture or of anguish flow  
But whichso'er it be, I know thou art  
Feeling the might of Spring, needing no chart  
To lead thee to its earliest flowers that blow:—  
—I pray thou be exalted as on wing  
The swallows are, and that thy soul may share  
In the mysterious melody of Spring  
And of its lilies, thou the one most fair  
How should'st forget that every living thing  
Must breathe, 'neath Crown or Cross the Christ  
breathed air.

## VIII

Or if thou goest not forth, but calm and still  
Shall at thy window watch the sunset hour  
And see the West burst into splendid flower  
Spreading the heavens like a vast daffodil  
And with the glory of it brim'st, until  
Thy happy tears shall fall in sudden shower  
Though in another continent, some power  
Would bear me into weeping, at its will.  
For as to desert, sound of waters flow,  
I can sometimes when listening, hear divine  
The music of a far off rhythm, I know  
Is beating hither from thy heart to mine  
And hold thee still, for were Pan's reed to blow  
What tunes it played, were less to me than thine.

## IX

Or in the ineffable sweet charm of June  
When butterflies shall drift above thy hair  
With its pale gold, their pinions to compare  
And thou seest filmed up on the sapphire noon  
The silver wraith of the unrisen moon  
And through the haze of heat, adown the air  
The zenithed sun its lute-strings shall declare  
If thou hear'st then their silence pulse to tune  
I in some lonely dell, although remote,  
With the soft sunshine shimmering on the ground  
Shall hear the same soft measures, note by note  
In murmurs indistinguishable around  
And while the butterflies above me float  
Who cannot lose thee, in the noontide drowned.

## X

Thou lookest forth on Summer and seeing gleams  
Of sky, and sea, and grass, and shining dew,  
And roses, and the sun, whose red they drew.  
Thou hast the fabric for a thousand dreams.  
Thou turn'st to Winter and when sapphire  
streams

Across the snow until it reeks with blue,  
Watching and sighing as it fades from view,  
Behold the mirror of thy soul redeems.  
Worship thine Æschylus and all the old,  
Illustrious Greeks whom thou hast loved and  
read;—

Thou hast swept high, nor let ideals grow cold,  
And Nature's very self interpreted.  
Keep of thy hyacinthine dreams fast hold,  
The gods have dowered thee, though gods are  
dead.



## XI

Or shouldst thou pluck those nurslings of the  
skies

The Autumn gentians that in shadows hide  
And wear them with the sunshine glorified  
A sudden gladness would my heart surprise  
And from to-morrows I should turn mine eyes  
And things of yesterday should set aside  
And the new gladness with the old allied  
Would set as corner-stone of Paradise  
For into Music's exaltations sent  
From some far peak I hear thy throbbing lyre  
Within whose soul such visions vast are pent  
Whose blood with Beauty's wine is so on fire;  
With less for thee, I should not be content  
Than the full heavens that the high gods aspire.

## XII

The Autumn's shadow-haunted sunshine lies  
Trembling upon the sycamore trees, that show  
Myriads of seeds, within whose delicate glow  
The shining bloom of coming April lies;  
Thou brought'st a broken branch to point its  
dyes

Oh best beloved, to me, who fain would know  
The secret, hidden in all the things that grow  
Of that mysterious power that never dies.  
Ah, it is dreamers, Sweet, that hear like thee  
The million frozen murmurs 'neath the snow  
And send them into measures wild and free  
That with the winged seeds through the ether go  
Sailing the universe, until it be  
The unborn blossoms into lyrics blow.

## XIII

And though the winds that blow thine hair are  
cold,  
Thou watchest still, while paler sunsets shine,  
And the undazzling noons, November's sign  
No longer blaze up with their fires of gold  
Thou seest the naked trees and sodden mold  
And yet still holdest Nature's heart divine  
And makest it, so exquisitely thine  
Its mystic changes on thine own are scrolled.  
For dead leaves matted in the ways forlorn  
Not dead leaves are to thee, but bridal bed  
From whence a rose some iridescent morn  
Ablush with June, will lift its radiant head:—  
And thou sing'st on, despite the wild-flowers gone  
Not of what is, but what shall be, instead.

## XIV

The Winter days go all unheeded by  
In ruthless order, while thou sit'st alone  
In an enchanting Summer of thine own,  
Dreaming perchance of mystic shores that lie  
Kissed by the transcendent Nile, or birds that fly  
Flaming through Lesbian air, or, tropic blown,  
Stretches of lilies, swept by warm winds, grown  
Into white crested seas that, lute souled, sigh.  
Ah Sweet, I cannot follow thee in flight  
Whose rainbow visions are forever nigh.  
I can but watch thee as thou cleav'st the light,  
Winging thy way the Sun's heart to descry,  
And listen as thou shakest from thy height  
The everlasting music of the sky.

## XV

But not alone when the day's pageants woo  
Thou art inspired, Sweet, but when the night  
Like a great sable butterfly in flight  
Trails its mysterious wings across the blue  
And one by one, thou see'st the stars prick through  
And the red moon climb up its scarlet height  
Then thou so smitten with rapture at the sight  
Turnest to heaven, thy winged thoughts to pursue—.

And we who read thy verses' martial flow,  
Are onward borne as at a drum-beat's sign  
And feel the red moon's efflorescent glow  
And, see, in fire of some majestic line  
In the horizoned splendor dropt below,  
The rings of planets and the Pleiades shine.

## XVI

The storm-racked wind is blowing o'er the trees  
Shaking their naked branches into threat  
Fierce-voiced as if it held the world's regret  
And its immeasurable agonies.

I know not if thou see'st it lash the seas  
And art with a vast restlessness beset  
Or if, calm-souled, thou hear'st not their fret  
And weav'st thy rhymes, fanned by a Summer  
Breeze.

In that dream-held elysian region, far  
From wind, and storm, and seas, and threats of ill,  
Thou dwellest, shining like a flowering star  
Striking out music from the heavens at will  
And in some golden strain, some magic bar  
Will the stars' lyric destiny fulfill.

## XVII

Thine eyes, Beloved, turn from material things,  
Dear, happy eyes, like gentians in the sun  
Cloudless as skies when Summer has begun  
That see in common air the glint of wings  
To thee, the clamor of the city brings  
No joy, but sight of some great cloud o'er run  
With deeps of purple when the day is done  
Bears out thy soul beyond the rim it clings  
Lonely thou art, though in the crowded street.  
Lonely like that transcendent flower that grows  
On Alpine Peak. Thou hear'st, through deaf-  
    'ning beat  
Of gathering noise that on around thee goes  
Strains wafted through Olympia, it is meet  
Thou, Sweet, shouldst roam, who wearst the  
    Pierian rose.

## XVIII

Singer and Dreamer, that watchest day by day  
The world's great movements, hearing praise and  
    blame

Accorded creeds, and noting sunrise flame  
Of larger thought—smiling thou turn'st away  
From Time's events, more clearly to survey  
Men who have shaped them, daring to make claim  
If to untangle continents their aim  
They would restore them each to olden sway:  
And yet with mighty things so intimate  
I wonder not, O Singer, thou should'st turn,  
Other than vanished dynasties to rate,  
Who canst with vision of the Seer, discern,  
The ageless Sphinx that sits at Egypt's gate  
Is less a marvel, than the Spring's return.



## XIX

I know not what thou dreamst these heavenly days  
If of the nightingales that sing afar  
Upon the Roman hills or of some star  
That trembles on the morning's chrysoprase.  
If of the sun-gods breathe, that blows the haze  
'Bove the out-going ocean past the bar  
Or of his throned approach that leaves ajar  
The horizon's gates and sets the dawn ablaze.  
Nay, chance with none of these wouldst be content  
For, flaming with unreach'd ideals, thy soul  
Up-winging from its earthly battlement;  
On some diviner height may read the scroll  
Writ in the Eternal's language, and be bent  
Only on dreaming of the perfect goal.

## XX

And thou who holdst thine ear to heart of things,  
I envy thee, who knowst how all supreme  
Are Nature's secrets, and hast power to dream,  
When Spring is not, the sound of blue-bird's  
wings,  
The brimming measure of the joy it brings,  
And canst to Winter's frozen soul redeem  
The mighty music of some rushing stream  
Wherein June lies in every tune it plays  
Yet though I also know thou must hear sighs  
Of dying summers, and the whirl in air  
Of some last swallow as it outward flies  
I envy thee not less, who hast had share  
In the whole scale of knowledge, and hast grown  
wise  
Knowing infinities thou couldst ensnare.

## XXI

Nothing can mar thy flights whose soul can wing  
The mystic kingdom that is only known  
Unto the music-visioned in it grown,  
For swarming silences that crowd the spring  
And sighing of its lilies, south winds swing  
Thou canst make audible in ways thine own  
And in some lyric measure can enthrone  
Passion, that noontides to the Summer bring  
Therefore because this golden gift is thine,  
I wonder not that through thy verses stream  
Rapture-like swish of waves with light ashine;  
Nor that, while I am reading them, I seem  
To hear the ocean rush through every line,  
Who hast transfixed therein its soul supreme.

## XXII

Thou mak'st the place wherein thou dwellest fair  
Lending it grace like a consummate flower  
And though ofttimes alone, yet hour by hour  
Amid thy books, holdest communion rare  
Chance with Theocratus, and breath'st the air  
In which the high gods dwelt, and feelest power  
Of those immortal Greeks, whose thoughts still  
tower

And to the world, thought's deathlessness declare.  
—And when I see thee with thy head low bent  
Seeming to listen to a murmurous sound  
Born in thy soul, like intimation sent  
From April to its wild-flowers in the ground  
I know, who catch a violet's faint scent  
The Spring song that eluded thee, is found.

## XXIII

Minstrel that hear'st above life's sounding sea  
A voice ethereal luring thee to wings,  
That like a sunrise-lark continual sings  
Till thou art drowned in thine own ecstasy,  
Drown, drown in it, for though thou chance may'st  
be

Chained like a galley slave to common things,  
Though troubled by the wounds life, sharp-  
fanged brings  
Nor chains nor deadliest wounds can vanquish  
thee.

Oh, music-hearted—whatever may befall,  
Athrob with passion of divine unrest,  
Even Death's scrutiny cannot appall,  
With that consummate rapture in thy breast.  
Some day, o'er flooding it will break its thrall  
And bear thee surging out, beyond the West.

## XXIV

Mating with nature thou hast learned to know  
The secret solitudes of forest ways  
And winged thyself with the wild wind that plays  
The mountain bugles and the reeds below;  
Hast stood on sands where pinks faint blushing  
    grow  
And looking at the sea, that surging flays  
The circling shore hast seen how it obeys  
The everlasting tides that ebb and flow.  
Thou hast made Beauty's radiant soul thine own;  
Canst shine with planets, with the sun up-leap  
And, wind-winged, over mountain tops hast flown  
And hast outcaptured in thine upward sweep  
All music, save the Eternal undertone  
To which thou singst beloved, as deep to deep.

## XXV

And sweeter even than the soft despair  
That aspens, silvering in the summer sun,  
Thrilled by the rays that from its gold heart  
run,

Melodious shake upon the rose flushed air  
Thy songs are for the dead: Witness they bear  
To thine exhaustless love, as one by one  
I seem to hear in every verse begun  
Thy dropping tears, drop from the measures  
there!—

Oh nightingale divine lamenting, lo  
Thou has shaped fair with classic grace thine own  
A monument of lyrics, that will show  
She still lives on, into thy music grown  
Whom Spring crowned as another Spring, and  
so

Will, long as daffodils shall bloom, be known.

## XXVI

Dear Sapphic Singer with thy gentian eyes,  
What holds thee captive through these perfect  
days?

For often cross the morning's chrysoprase  
I hear a tune divine as that which lies  
In bosom of a star, athrob to rise.  
And know it thine! What other could appraise  
The hidden music of the upper ways,  
And snatch it, snatch it golden from the skies?  
It is with melodies that in thee grow  
Thou art held captive, and not thou alone,  
For always, always I can hear them flow  
Into that pulsing sea whose undertone  
On-swelling through infinitudes may go  
Mighty with mighty music of the throne.



## XXVII

Captive in radiant castle of thy dreams,  
The freedom of the universe is thine.  
For thou hast winged thyself out past the line  
Into the unknown vast, upon which streams  
The light ineffable whose dazzling beams  
Point through the purple distance, to where  
The jasper gates of song wherein divine,  
The amethystine air around thee gleams.  
Why shouldst regret the summer drifting by  
Who can make deathless something that it bore,  
Some passion flower, or gold-winged butterfly,  
Or sunrise, smoking on the Eastern shore,  
Why, O Belovéd, shouldst for summer sigh,  
Who can bring summer into bloom once more?

## XXVIII

I may not hear thee singing in the vast,  
So dull mine ears, but some white flowering moon  
May bring the haunting cadence of a tune  
That on the twilight's opal thou hast cast,  
I may not hear, too far beyond thee passed,  
But this my tribute, as a rose marks June,  
As blushing coral signals a lagoon,  
Song, sweet, is thine insignia, first and last!  
For spring is thine where hyacinths never die.  
Thou art enwinged—thou art a meadow lark;  
Thou art a dweller in the upper sky,  
That brushing sunrise, or a rainbow arc,  
Art so ablaze with scarlet ecstasy  
Thou dropst thy fire of music spark on spark.

## XXIX

In castle of thy dreams hast thou not found  
Some place where we could ponder well, as they  
Who know the heart of song, is there no way  
That we can take to conquer time and space  
And sweep forever onward in the race  
Until we melt to music, as a sound  
Melts into glory of the air around?  
Are not the souls of things, the souls that stay  
The things imperishable for which we pray?  
Holdst thou not key to song who art song  
crowned?

And yet I hold belief the eternal flows  
Into the singer with the song, O Sweet,  
And that some coming lyric will disclose,  
So near, so near to Heaven thy wings may beat,  
The golden rippling of its air that blows  
The golden rhythm of its seraphs' feet.

## XXX

August has come with its mysterious mist,  
Thou lover of the summer, all too soon  
Who sangst so little time ago to June,  
Holding high carnival, when it had kissed  
Its first born rose; and to the amethyst  
That drowned its suns; and to its orange moon,  
Whose rays, lute phantomed, gave forth tune on  
tune

The fireflies flashing by could not resist!  
Yet thou wilt sing, although the rose be fled  
Sing on, because thou hast the soul of flute;  
And thou wilt watch the vapors swim o'erhead,  
With the strong sea winds blowing, in pursuit,  
And sudden, seeing the universe blush red,  
And the gauze wrecks burn by, how canst be mute?

## XXXI

And ere thou knowest summer will be gone  
And melodies ethereal, note by note,  
From souls of pines will down the immenses float  
And then be into new immenses born:  
And thou wilt see the splendor of the morn  
Melt into gaugeless blue, and hear, remote  
Down from the sun's heart, from an eagle's throat  
The revelation of its superb scorn:  
And still, still singing, swirling airs o'erhead  
Will bear thy songs out past the banking flame,  
And it will echo on, till time is dead:  
Ah, unto thee, whose heart the spring's might  
    shame,  
What matter when the summer's days are told,  
Who canst eternities of transport claim?



**BOOK III**

**HEXAMETERS**





## TO A DREAMER OF HIGH DREAMS

YOUTH in thine own youth triumphant, who hast  
    heard life like a siren,  
Luring thee on through the mornings, on through  
    the daisy-crowned valleys,  
Over which butterflies shimmer, on through the  
    lily-blown meadows  
Over which larks break to singing on through the  
    outstretching highways,  
And through the wild-rose lit byways, up to the  
    summits of mountains,  
Breasting the sun at the noontides, down on the  
    shore silver shining  
Watching the moon climb the sea, hast thou not  
    grown to the knowledge,  
However complex creation, Thought nor e'en  
    Science can answer  
Wherefore from wombs of abysses, planets and  
    stars to the sky-fields  
New-born shall leap into shining, hast thou not  
    grown to the knowledge  
Infinite beauty pervades it, Infinite Love over-  
    looks it,  
Infinite Love underlies it, and hast not then thy  
    soul risen  
Risen as winged like an eagle, up and still up  
    through the ether,

Till at a breath from Jehovah, thou knowst where-  
fore thy being,  
Wherefore the thoughts that uplifted, wherefore  
wast made in His image,  
And that aspiring divinely only to heights that  
are gaugeless,  
Only to beauty eternal, growing as part of cre-  
ation,  
Intimate with the immenses, hearing the winds  
and the waters,  
Calling to thee as replying to thy soul's high im-  
ploration  
For the supreme flower of wisdom, still with the  
silent voice calling  
If hast through self-abnegation, climbed to the  
truths that are deathless  
Building a "holy of holies," vaultless and vast  
as forever  
Thou through the breath that was blown thee  
Manifold miracles shown thee, if thou shalt walk  
forth unspotted,  
Mayst become leader and prophet, through the  
Jehovah in thee.

## TO A STAR

SWEET, who in splendor of living hast thine own  
longing transcended  
Taught by the visions of poets, Milton and Dante  
and Homer  
Breathed the same ether the gods breathed, and  
their Olympia known  
How shall I dare to confront thee? Lost in the  
wastes of the desert  
What can I show thee to win thee, who can bring  
nothing but weeping?  
Will not from lightning within thee, dark of my  
being disown?  
Thou hast gained measureless knowledge, soared  
with the nightingales singing  
Listened and grown to, and joined in, rush of the  
fathomless ocean  
Taken thy place with the planets, intimate grown  
with the sun.  
What shall I show thee to win thee, thou with  
Immensities racing  
I, with my broken wings trailing, seeking to fol-  
low and find thee  
Only this one rapture left me, triumph at goal  
thou hast won.  
Day by day growing diviner thou hast gained  
stature of sages  
Broken through infinite boundries into the infinite  
spaces

Melted to music above thee, borne nor from  
land nor from sea,  
What can I bring thee to win thee, I with my  
broken wings trailing?  
Yet if thou backward shall beckon, love that lies  
wounded, will heal me  
And from the heart of the desert, Sweet, I shall  
climb toward thee.

## A LETTER FROM A STAR

News from the mystic Immenses borne from the  
  heavens unhorizoned,  
Sweeter than nightingale's transports, sheathed  
  in the soul of a sunrise  
Quickens my soul and bears it up to where  
  speech is forgotten  
Up to where visions ethereal, grow to divine rev-  
  elations  
Up to the center of ether blazing with breath of  
  archangels  
That through the universe streaming circles in  
  vast radiations,  
Bearing the rapture of ages, on to the rapture  
  in thee.  
Swept on invisible pinions up through the fath-  
  omless azure  
Into the vaultless splendence, thou shalt bear  
  message from Eden  
Born in the bosoms of seraphs, filled with a mighty  
  rejoicing  
Set to magnificent silence of the Ineffable's foot-  
  falls  
Thou hast borne message from Eden, that shall  
  proclaim thee immortal;  
All that is now, and that has been, thou shalt in  
  fullness partake of.  
Knowledge of this world, the age of, and of the  
  worlds that are ageless,

Thou shalt partake of insatiate, till thou hast  
found the Eternal  
And through eternities, boundless, measureless  
triumph be thine.

Golden abysses of sunshine, whirlwinds of flower  
exaltations  
They shall be thine to embathe in, when with  
Life's heat thou art fainting  
Winds that bear bloom to the Summer, thou shalt  
have strength to outride them  
Noontides that halo the mountains, thou shalt  
dream dreams to eclipse them  
All that now is, and that has been, Beauty incar-  
nate of ages  
Beauty and knowledge and myst'ry into thy soul  
shall be added  
Till in the splendor of promise, what thou hast  
grown to, shall wing thee  
And thou shalt out-pace the planets, rays of the  
sun shall out-dazzle  
And through the vast of Forever, mount to the  
Infinite breast.

## A SUMMER FANTASY

BREATHING the perfumes of wildwoods wafted on  
winds of the morning,  
Wooed from the dazzle of sunshine, into the  
violet shade;  
Heard I the harps of the summer, nor could I  
listening discover,  
Mingling with splashing of fountains, drowned  
by the birds in the glade  
Smitten with music of aspens, what were the  
tunes that they played.

Over the delicate mosses into a pathway elysian,  
Where in ineffable beauty star blossoms cluster-  
ing grew,  
Wandered I, farther and farther, till in the heart  
of the forest,  
Into a silence exalted reaching aloft to the  
blue,  
Swept into measureless rapture, Spirit of  
Summer I knew.

Never a crimson bird rustled, never a bee stung  
a rose leaf,  
Infinite stretches of azure motionless trees  
overtopped;  
Noiseless the sunlight they filtered, mingled its  
gold with the shadows,

Noiseless the needles of pine trees into the  
radiance dropped;

Down in the heart of the forest, even its beating  
had stopped.

Then while I waited expectant, down from a  
mountain she called me;

Harp after harp she touched lightly as in her  
splendor she came;

Sudden the fountains 'gan splashing, crimson  
birds climbing the ether,

Left on the sky as they neared it winging reflections  
of flame,

And on the brims of the roses, bees sipp'd  
their nectar the same.

Spake I, thou canst not escape me, Summer, thou  
vision ethereal;

Thou art the fern leaf's splendence transfixed  
with dewdrops ashine;

Thou art incarnate of music, harps of the universe  
playing;

Thou art incarnate of silence, than all its tunes  
more divine,

Thou art the earth's efflorescence, thou art the  
blush of its wine.

Never again shalt escape me, thou art my captive  
forever;

For at the altar of silence down in the violet  
glade



I was baptized in thy beauty, knew by that  
measureless rapture  
As thine invisible pinions swept down from  
mountain to glade,  
Thou wert the harps and the harpist; yea, and  
the tunes that were played.

## WINDS OF THE SUMMER

## I

WINDS of the Summer are blowing over the daisy-  
lit meadows,  
Tossing them, sprinkling the grasses, into a sea  
of white billows,  
Shaking the pink of the hawthorn into the  
sheen of the light;  
Bearing the perfumes of roses out through the  
golden-lit spaces,  
Flirting their way through the forests, searching  
the flower-hidden places,  
Wings of the wild birds outstripping, tireless  
they go on their flight.

Wandering o'er vivid green lowlands, fanning the  
streams into ripple,  
Wafting the sun-flooded willows into enphan-  
tomed resplendence,  
Warm with the breath of the tropics, borne  
from the South and the West,  
Chasing from shore to the ocean, farther and still  
farther winging,  
Lured by the voices of sirens, down in its shining  
deeps singing,  
Feathering its spray into rainbow's kiss they  
the blue on its breast.

Out from immensities calling, swept from beyond  
the horizon,  
Whispering low as they pass me, melodies never  
forgotten,  
Blow they from dazzle of mountains, down to  
the heart of the sea :  
Blow they, how far past the sunpeaks, Love has  
been winged to o'ertake them—  
Blow they from deeps in the sea's heart—Love  
has known raptures that shake them—  
Blow where they will, they but blow back souls  
of divine years to me.

## II

Borne on the wings of a sunrise over the moun-  
tains and valleys  
Rushing with rosy insistence into the white arms  
of day,  
Greeted by chorus of wild birds, bugled by mighty  
voiced waters,  
Summer the herald of beauty, Summer the happy  
souled virgin,  
Comes from the kiss of the Spring time, drop-  
ping her flowers by the way.  
Fanned by the butterflies winging, lulled by the  
bees 'mong the lilies  
Shaking her hair in the noontides golden as fleece  
of the Sun.  
Gliding through silver of moonlights into the pur-  
ple starred midnights,

Summer the herald of beauty, Summer the happy  
souled virgin  
Dreams, while her own crimson currents into the  
roses' hearts run.  
Breathing the breath of the south wind tranced  
with the sky's yearning azure,  
Child of the Summers, since chaos, clad in divineness  
as they  
Hearing the echoes of music piped forth by Pan  
since creation,  
Summer, the herald of beauty, Summer the happy  
souled virgin  
Comes with the songs of the ages, singing them all  
on her way.

### III

Down past the golden-lit meadows, rivers are  
languorous murmuring,  
Out from the deeps of the forests, breath of the  
pine trees is blown,  
Clouds of the morning are rose drenched, noon-  
tides are swooning with silence,  
Day dreams have silvered the daisies, starlight  
has flowered to azaleas,  
I can hear Summer's voice clamor—why art thou  
silent, mine own?  
Buttercups toss in the sunshine; cloud shadows  
float o'er the grasses;  
Hills like a necklace of sapphire lie on the breast  
of the sky;

Lured by the trumpet flower's color, humming  
birds thither are darting;  
Leaves with the light overladen, quivering are  
borne into music;  
I can hear Summer's voice clamor—can I the  
Summer deny?

## IV

Onto my soul, quick with longing, Art thou, I  
cried out, a craven?  
Hark to the million voiced chorus calling thee  
forth from the night!  
Borrow the wings of the lightning, mount up aloft  
like the eagle;  
Thou hast been drunken with sorrow, drink thou  
to-day of the glory;  
Thou has been vested in sackcloth, wrap thy-  
self round with the light.

Shake off the chill of the grave-damps, thou shalt  
be captive no longer;  
Make thyself part of the ocean rushing in might  
to the shore,  
Learn thou its undertones' rapture; sweep  
with the winds o'er its vastness;  
Compass the heavens with thy daring; outide  
the sun in its coursing;  
Wheel with the stars in their orbits; thou shalt  
be trammelled no more.

Speed o'er the purple of sunsets faster than  
clouds in their sailing;

Speed in the arms of the Summer up to earth's  
uttermost height;

Thou shalt discover life's secrets, for thou art  
born of Jehovah;

Thou hast been drunken with sorrow, thou shalt  
be drunken with glory;

Thou hast been vested in sackcloth—thou shalt  
be winged with the light.

TO AN OCTOBER SOUTH WIND

SOUTH WIND, o'erladen with perfume, blown from  
the damp of the marshes,

Drifting out over the ocean, lying in measureless  
rest,

Thou who elusive and free wert passionate soul  
of the summer

Breath that awakened the wild rose, springing to  
bloom on its breast,

Hast thou, the summer lamenting, come, of the  
summer in quest?

South Wind, in vain thou wilt search through  
torches that flare in the forests

And through the sublimate sunshine flaunting its  
gold on the ground;

Thou mayst search blaze of the hilltops, sylvan  
dells hidden in valleys,

Yet, though the soul of the summer, since from  
the summer unbound,

Thou mayst wing uttermost places, summer will  
never be found.

South Wind, October is flinging banners exultant  
to hail thee,

Thou, who canst sport with the cloud hosts,  
glitt'ring o'er land and o'er main,

Canst thou not, past the horizon, bring through  
its purple enrimming

Out from the luminous silence, what I have listened in vain—

Voice of unspeakable rapture borne from Love's infinite plane?



## LAMENTATION

"For there is none among men whom Zeus appoints not and wills to unmeasured ills." Mimmermus, 620 B.C.

Down through the ages are rolling infinite woes  
of the people;

Sound of the measureless weeping, drenching the  
earth since creation,

Louder than wails from the sea's womb that in  
perpetual travail

Prest with its neverborn undertone sobs in its  
consummate anguish,

Out of the pits that ye live in born of the outcasts  
of Eden,

Monarchs of agonies mighty crowned with the  
blood sweat of living,

Come forth, O mortals, and listen clad in the  
ashes of mourners

For till in grave damp ye molder, hiding ye  
cannot escape it.

For ye are part of the chorus swelling the vast  
lamentation

Mad to discover the secrets nailed up in coffins  
forever,

Stung with the fangs of remembrance poisoned  
with impotent longings,

Writhing with passions of music strangled to  
discord in utterance,

This is the doom ye inherit, scourged with the  
scourge of the Human,

This is the doom ye inherit, clad in the ashes of  
    mourners,  
While with the universe battling, though with  
    but death to be victors,  
Ye shall increase the vibrations borne from de-  
    spairs of the millions.

Reeking with black desolation into the chaos of  
    moanings  
Ye shall hurl cries of your torments, as from  
    the still undelivered;  
This is the doom ye inherit, born of the outcasts  
    of Eden,  
Tissues of souls shall be tested till they are  
    strained to their utmost;  
Ye shall dig pits that ye live in with the swords  
    drawn from your vitals;  
For ye are monarchs of agonies crowned with the  
    blood sweat of living,  
And ye shall never know triumph till ye are loosed  
    from Time's fetters,  
And ye shall never know rapture till in Eternity's  
    bosom.

## A RHAPSODY

LISTLESSLY watching the Pleiades breasting  
Night's ebb tide superbly,  
Lo in the east came hint of the sun; and the soul  
of the morning  
Swept into mine like an eagle, and with its jubi-  
lant courage  
Down from the winds I drew joy of the hills; and  
the breath of the daisies  
Lifted me upward exultant; and what had held  
me in bondage  
I in the swirl of morning forgot; and I broke  
loose from Sorrow,  
Saying: "Ye chain me no longer, for I am  
winged with the summer;  
Yea, and am drunken with glory of day, for  
like wine in its foaming  
Red with the bubbles of sunrise, beaded and spar-  
kling I quaff it.  
And I am whirled through the air like a bird, and  
I hear in the spaces  
Voices of murmuring rivers swelling to articula-  
tion,  
Till in the rush of seas I rejoice; and the sky and  
the mountains  
However distant I scale them, nor can the white  
clouds outsail me;  
For behold I can speed with the light, and the  
universe round me

Melts to the universe in me." Soul, O my soul  
pierced with Morning,  
Sight of the sun is less than thou cravest; for  
with measureless longing  
Thou hast outridden the Pleiades and swept past  
Night of lamenting;  
Yet, though thy rapture of wings has been brief,  
thou hast outgrown the eagles.

## FREE

SOUL, I have broken my fetters, Summer has lent  
me its pinions,  
And with the winds I am sporting, sweeping the  
harps of the forests,  
And with the clouds I am sailing azure that edges  
the sea ;  
Breasting its rainbow-capped billows, hearing its  
undertone's secrets,  
Breaking out past the horizon into the infinite  
vastness.  
Soul, I am reckless with Summer ; Soul, for to-  
day I am free.

I can hear soundless vibrations, rising and falling  
like music,  
Making the sublimate silence splendid with rap-  
ture of rhythm,  
For I am one with the noontide and with the glory  
to be,  
One with the sun at its zenith ; I am ablaze with  
its shining ;  
I can look down on the hilltops, mount up out-  
stripping the eagles.  
Soul, I am drunken with Summer ; Soul, for to-  
day, I am free.

What though to-morrow I go back, torn from  
the measureless glory,  
Back to the pit of the human, clad in the vesture  
of sorrow,  
Sailing no more o'er the azure, breasting no  
longer the sea?  
I have known transport of pinions, and though  
the Summer deny me  
Anguish that slays me shall wing me, nothing  
shall hold me in bondage.  
Soul, I shall still traverse kingdoms; Soul, I have  
learned to be free.

## TO THE EAGLE

EAGLE that mountest exultant searching the  
uttermost places  
Making the motionless silence quiver with rush of  
thy pinions,  
Winging the golden rimmed mornings, sailing the  
purple lit twilights  
Plunging through glory of noon-tides into the  
day, snowy blossomed,  
Beating out past the horizon, racing with clouds  
as they run  
Breasting the solitudes virgin, circling o'er fore-  
heads of mountains  
Hovering the shadows abysmal gathered in fis-  
sures and chasms  
Light from thy bladed wings spilling over the  
tops of the forests  
Stern and majestic and regal, never a bird to  
approach thee  
Hast thou no pang at thy lonesome, listening to  
heart of the sun?

Never a bird to approach thee—all the magnifi-  
cence hidden  
Knowledge of sublimate grandeurs, millions of  
marvels primeval  
Traces of volcanic splendors, tracts of impass-  
able ridges

Hast thou no longing to share them, hast thou  
no longing to show them?

Never a bird to approach thee, never a listener  
won

Too high aloft from the meadow murmurs to  
hear of the wild bees

Exquisite sighs of the hyacinths breathed at the  
kiss of the sunshine

Æolian stir of the grasses, silver regrets of the  
aspens

Or the divine breasted river heaving its tides into  
singing

Hast thou no pang for thy loneliness listening to  
heart of the sun?

Eagle that mountest exultant—in the fierce joy  
of thy daring

Thou art not conqueror wholly, for while with  
battling winds wearied

Cradled in crag of a boulder—up through the  
blush of the sunrise

Up, through the tangles of rainbows dazzling the  
dawns of the springtime

Rises a lark that transfuses all its soul's infinite  
passion

Into ærial flamed raptures, till the whole heav-  
ens are o'er run:

Thou who hast circled o'er forests, swept o'er  
the foreheads of mountains,

Hovered o'er shadows abysmal beaten out past  
the horizon



---

Hast not the lark overcome thee? How shall  
thou call thyself conqueror  
Who hast not broken the blue through, with a  
supreme exaltation?  
In the fierce joy of thy daring, never a bird to  
approach thee  
Always in upper air sailing, always alone in thy  
triumphs,  
How shall thou call thyself conqueror, who hast  
not swung into rhythm  
Who hast not swung into rapture, listening to  
heart of the sun?

## MEMORIAL DAY

MARCH to the graves of our soldiers, ye who were  
with them in battle,  
March, too, at sound of the bugles, ye of the new  
generations,  
And in divinest remembrance crown them with  
lilies of May;  
Ye, who were born into freedom, ye, who are heirs  
to their glory,  
Honor the dauntless who went forth, wakened  
from youth's golden dreaming,  
And the one blot on our country, washed with  
their life's blood away.

Pillowed on heart that they loved so, rest they in  
slumber unbroken;  
Snows of the winters have hushed them, winds of  
the summers caressed them,  
Warm, as to kiss back the wild flowers, spring's  
tears above them have rained;  
Yearn, O ye sunrises, o'er them—they gave re-  
lease to the captives—  
Burn, O ye stars, as rejoicing—they are enrolled  
with the mighty  
Victors who died for love's proving, and a new  
country attained.

March to the graves of our soldiers, march with  
your crownings of lilies;  
Voices of love cannot reach them yet, though  
they sleep on unheeding.  
Millions unborn will proclaim them, ages their  
fame will increase;  
Blow forth, ye bugles, the message—they were  
our country's redeemers;  
Blow forth, O bugles, the message, they are be-  
loved of Immortals:  
It was not Death overcame them—it was the  
Angel of Peace.

## THE LIVING TO THE DEAD

## MEMORIAL DAY

COMRADES that fell in the battle, we, whom we  
    camped with, remaining,  
Stand in spring's passionate sunshine decking the  
    graves where ye lie  
Listening to fife and to drum beat, as when ye  
    once marched beside us,  
And in yon heaven we salute you, comrades that  
    never can die.

Out from the peace of your households, crowned  
    with the splendor of manhood,  
Answering the call of your country, holding its  
    sunrise flag high,  
Wielding your swords 'gainst oppression struck  
    ye undaunted for freedom,  
And in yon heaven we salute you, comrades that  
    never can die.

Ah, ye had love that was greatest, yea, ye were  
    slaughtered to prove it,  
And through the long generations, none shall  
    your glory deny;  
Brothers of Christ in your purpose, brothers for-  
    ever beside him,  
Lo! in yon heaven we salute you, comrades that  
    never can die.

## PEACE

From the bugles that called to the battle, and  
the thud of the armies' tread;

From the murderous swords uplifted, with their  
sharp blades running red;

From the agonized cries of the wounded, and  
horses, trampling the dead—

Lo! the sudden release of the White Dove of  
Peace and the blue of the Summer o'erhead.

From the hidden mines' awful explosions, and  
cannons' thundering boom;

From the bloody waves drinking the dying, and  
the running of Hell's vast loom:

From the nations enwrapt in conflict, and their  
rulers enwrapt in gloom—

Lo! the sudden release of the White Dove of  
Peace and the lilies of Summer a-bloom.

From the lion-souled patriots fighting no grim-  
ness of Death could appall;

From the mothers that went forth unweeping,  
and gave to the Country their all,

With desolate hearts as of Rachel, and stony  
despairs, as of Saul—

Lo! the sudden release of the White Dove of  
Peace and the whole world held in thrall.

From the bugles that called to the battle blow  
    pæans to East and to West  
That shall reach the Earth's lowliest valleys from  
    mountains supremest confest,  
That shall gladden the souls of the angels, in the  
    music of angels expressed,  
For the sudden release of the White Dove of  
    Peace, that was winged from Jehovah's  
    breast.

BOOK IV

EDWARD THE SEVENTH AND  
OTHER THRENODIES





# EDWARD THE SEVENTH

## AN ODE

### I

ENGLAND, bend low 'bove thine exalted dead ;  
A sovereign messenger of Peace has passed  
Thy royal guarded gates, and through them led,  
With his unsandaled feet, thy kingly King.

    Into the Vast,  
He went forth with the panoply of spring  
Blazoning around him, not to martial sound  
Of bugle or of drum, but wrapt in hush profound,  
    In the magnificence of death laid down Scepter  
        and crown

For a new dwelling in a new domain,  
In a diviner realm to reign.  
What gifts hadst thou, O England, to compare,  
No measured country his to share,  
But the illimitable sweeps afar,  
    Reached, star by star,

    Where the Eternals are:—  
O England, bid thy nightingales sing low,  
Sing low, sing low, thy King asleep,  
And bid the winds that o'er the hawthorn blow  
    And cross the heather sweep  
    No more the harps of spring to wake  
    But into requiems of silence go,  
    Mighty as endless woe,  
Mightier than those chorused forth that thy  
    whole Kingdom shake.

## II

Nation made desolate,  
Thy Peoples' lamentations fill the air,  
But what of her, drowned in supreme despair,  
Thy Queen?  
How shalt thou even dare  
To seek to gauge the gulf of thy regret  
While she, with bleeding pangs unguessed,  
Sits, sword to hilt plunged in her breast?  
Lend her thy lion strength on which to lean,  
Pay to the King who ruled so well thy debt,  
Weep not, O England, for thyself, but for thy  
Queen, thy Queen.

## III

England bend low ; thy King sleeps well  
With all life's honors and perplexments done,  
He sleeps, as in a spell:  
So let him sleep who has outsoared the sun ;  
So let him sleep in his transcendent rest,  
Who has met, breast to breast,  
The everlasting one ;  
And wearing his insignia, why  
Ah why for him put sackcloth on?  
Plucking the flower of Immortality  
He went forth with the panoply of spring  
Blazoning around him, into the Vast—God's Vast,  
and won

A rank that only death could bring,  
Sublimer than of king—  
And so—sleeps well,  
England, lift up again thy mighty head  
Be comforted—  
Thy King sleeps well, sleeps well—why weep?—  
Let the King sleep.—

## LONDON

## AFTER THE KING'S BURIAL

## I

THE King is dead—he went from king's command  
The mandates of a Mightier to obey;  
Out from the Abbey where in state he lay,  
Past mourning multitudes, that London spanned,  
Past crowned heads, princes, peers, and band on  
band  
Of guards and soldiers and enflowered display,  
Was borne to his eternal rest away,  
While a wild rain of weeping swept the land—  
He went from cares of state, and war's alarms,  
From problems, doubts, and life's vexed harmonies  
Into the rapture of eternal calms;  
And summer, summer wraps the bed he lies,  
While in the royal hand may shine the palms  
They only pluck who wander Paradise.

## II

The city's traffic is no longer stayed  
And clamorous noises, surging upward, ring  
Upon the air of summer thundering  
Like muffled din of distant cannonade:  
But howe'er loud the brazen voice of trade,  
It will not summon back the flowering spring  
Or waken from his dreamless sleep the King  
Within his splendid mausoleum laid:  
The King, Victoria's son, who reigned so well,  
Who sought with power of Peace, to stay the  
    rents  
That threatened foreign policies, and quell  
Mutterings of jealousies and discontents  
And calm and wise, as history will tell,  
With matchless skill untangled continents.

## III

Within the castle sits the widowed Queen,  
Wondering that Life's full tides should round her  
    flow,  
Seeing the young and careless-hearted go  
Searching the ways for pleasure, caught by sheen  
Of rainbow'd bubbles, in each passing scene,  
Who never yet have kissed the lips of woe,  
While she, with silent grief and head bent low  
Sits dropping down her heavy tears unseen.  
Sits, with new knowledge of Love's crucial creed,  
Not gained by lips of prophet, or of priest,  
The creed, wherein is written, that none may read  
"What of the coming day," how fair the East  
Sits crownless, crownless save for brows that  
    bleed,  
Who yesterday sat with the King at feast.

## IV

From off the shining crest of distant hills  
The summer zephyrs over London blow  
With a hot languor, moving to and fro  
The thick dense vapor that the city fills;  
The great sun, through the smoke embankments,  
spills

Its yellow light upon the streets below  
On crash and beat and roar and flare and show  
And juggernaut of greed, that grinding, kills.  
On brawl of commerce in the open mart  
On steaming atmosphere that films the land,  
And hides St. Paul's magnificence, in part,  
On saddened crowds, that silent thread the  
Strand,

And London in a swoon, with thudding heart  
Seeming to reel and sway, as built on sand.

## V

The Abbey reached, London's cathedral tomb,  
The rain begins to fall, thick as the tears  
Of all the mourners of the vanished years  
Whose dead are lying in its massive womb.  
I wander past, and in the gathering gloom  
Half envy those, who know, nor hopes, nor fears  
Nor burning stings of Grief's relentless spears,  
Oblivious alike to blight or bloom!  
Sudden the sun again—and boom and flow  
And maelstrom that the city compasseth;  
And with a rush of flooding life, I know  
How vast its tides, how wonderful its breath,  
And winged with flame that leaps within me, go  
Sailing through air, where nothing dies—but  
Death.



## VI

London behind, with smoke and gloom and glare  
With all its pageantries and changes done,  
I watch the lakes, whose waters silent run  
Hushing to rest the hills embossed there:  
The skies, an ecstasy of azure wear,  
And swirls of purple, from the ground begun  
Swim from the heather, upward toward the sun  
Into divine effulgence of the air—  
Nor can escape from Death—for near, one lies,  
Above whose poet heart the wild flowers spring  
Who recks not, of the sun, or lakes, or skies,  
Or hills, whereon the larks regretting, sing,  
Or that, the air of London reeks with sighs,  
Or that, on England's bosom, sleeps a King.

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

DEATH, thou hast brought on thy pinions noise-  
lessly down from on high  
Scope for this mighty-voiced minstrel, scope for  
the singer of raptures.  
Up past the stars massive chording; up past the  
swirling of planets  
Into the infinite spaces where infinite ecstasies lie—  
Into the infinite spaces, golden and sunlit and  
bright,  
Death, thou has brought him triumphant, scope  
for the passion of flight,  
Swinburne the mighty-voiced minstrel, Swinburne,  
the singer of light.  
Out beyond limits of England; out beyond all the  
world's limits,  
Into the boundless Forever fanned by the music-  
blown air,  
He has seen flaming archangels, sun-crowned has  
joined in their chorus.  
He has seen song sweeps outstretching, golden  
and sunlit and fair.  
Into the song sweeps outstretching, golden and  
sunlit and bright,  
Death, thou has brought him transfigured, scope  
for the passion of flight,  
Swinburne the mighty-voiced minstrel, Swinburne  
the singer of light.

T. B. ALDRIDGE

SOUNDLY he sleeps on Death's imperial bed,  
This lyric Poet, with his soul afar  
Shining exaltedly like some great star  
Caught from the breast of morn to Heaven o'er-  
head.

Climbing earth's dizziest height with fearless  
tread,

Lo, from the peak he reached, nothing could mar  
His prophet vision, nor could sunrise bar  
His entrance, into where its rapture led!

Oh, Poet, who hast dreams empurpled worn,  
Halos of dreams sublimer 'round thee shine.

Unto the Eternal heart of music borne  
Thou liest, who its rhythm could so divine,  
Calm browed and unperplexed—and while we  
mourn

The mastery of Infinitudes is thine.

## RICHARD WATSON GILDER

IN ether of divinest thought, he dwelt  
This silent singer, up, so near the sky  
    That all the morning's ecstasy  
Into his being grew,  
Until within his veins he felt  
The liquid sunrise pouring through  
In rushing streams of golden fire that burned  
    to Song:  
His soul was like a mighty harp, stringed with  
    the light  
Perfect, as rays that thread the noon at Sum-  
    mer's golden height  
    That sweet and strong  
Attuned to exaltations sent forth strains  
Ineffable as the melodious winds that blow  
The pines into aeolian regrets,  
Or that of tender April rains  
Kissing in their transcendent flow  
The opening lids of new-born violets;  
    Now deep and low,  
Now like the ocean's swelling undertone  
Whose massive diapason rolls, organed from zone  
    to zone  
In solitude of mountain tops and streams  
That were familiar to his eager sight  
    As clamorous in might  
As the wild thunders that above them broke  
The silences that filled the air awoke

Innumerable dreams,  
That shaped to noble metres, sprang  
    From line to line  
Magnificently on, and on,  
Until the goal of classic song was won;  
Nor yet content, still on, and on, he sang,  
Drinking insatiate the imperial wine,  
From knowledge of the ages pressed,  
    And giving wings  
To the mysterious immeasurable things,  
The chrysalis of genius could not hide  
That into vivid life resplendent flew  
Holding the world enthralled, while past the blue  
Into Creation's heaven of heavens they palpi-  
tated through,  
    Until with overwhelming tide  
    Of overwhelming light,  
The apocalypse of song within his breast,  
The harp-strings snap'd—the music stopped—  
    and the pale singer lay  
In the full splendor of Eternal day.

JULIA WARD HOWE

SWING out, oh gates of the sunrise,  
Wider with weight of the glory  
Borne from the infinite dazzle,  
Caught from the Throne and its lilies  
And from the pinions approaching,  
Winging toward light ye enclose  
Sing forth invisible choirs  
In a magnificent chorus,  
Led by the shining arch angels  
Rapture on rapture enharping,  
While into music's eternal  
Music's supreme flower goes.

Wider, swing wider, oh gateway,  
Till e'en to earth's blinded vision  
Press of the transcendent glory  
As of her joy to bear witness  
Down through the suffocate silence  
Drops like a kiss from on high.  
Listen, oh hearts that enheld her,  
And ye may hear in the distance  
Sweeping in exquisite sweetness  
Through the new heaven that enwraps her  
Voice of Jehovah's beloved  
Break, like a star through the sky.

Swing out, oh gates of the sunrise,  
Wider and wider and wider  
Until the whole heavens shall shine forth  
Like the apocalypse blazing  
And for a sublimate moment  
Rays whence it springs ye disclose,  
Neath which invisible choirs  
Sing in magnificent chorus,  
Led by the shining arch angels  
Rapture on rapture enharping,  
While into music's eternal  
Music's supreme flower goes.

## EDWARD EVERETT HALE

DEATH, Love's high priest, upon Love's mission  
bent,  
Enwrapt this soul in a majestic calm  
And left him smiling with the mystic charm  
To the Immortals by the Immortals lent.  
Out through the silent gates, behold he went,  
Unknowing aught of shrinking or alarm,  
Led onward by the Eternal, palm to palm,  
Into another, fairer continent.  
Oh, mighty one, Apostle of the light,  
Dreamer of earth for Earth all too divine,  
Thou wert baptized in heavenly joy and light  
Ere thou hadst winged beyond the boundary line  
And into glory of the Infinite  
Hast taken thy place with cherubim ashine.



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ALBERT LAIGHTON, POET

He lent his ear, this Singer whom we knew,  
To murmurous secrets of the Summer air,  
And in a verse, the while, the South winds blew.  
Transfixed them, unaware.

He made the Sea's eternal voice his own,  
And from its everlasting music wrought  
A sublimated measure, arteried through,  
With golden flame of Thought.

And then he vanished, like a sunrise glow:—  
But the South winds he heard, still blow  
divine,  
And the sea's rapture at its Tidal flow,  
Lives, in some magic line.

And all the secrets of the upper air  
That only to Immortals can belong,  
He long since learned, whom Genius Crowned  
fair,  
With the white flower of song.

A. P.

HE touched the countless chords of Life, and  
played  
So wondrously upon its complex keys  
That ere we knew, sprang forth strange har-  
monies  
And bar by bar the perfect song was made;  
Great thoughts inspired him, and he essayed  
From their fair fields the fairest flowers to seize,  
And taught by Beauty, listening its decrees,  
His own divinest impulses obeyed.  
Nor do we question wherefore should he go,  
For they who climb the summits, breathing air  
They unseen breathe, who all Earth's secrets  
know,  
Are shining marks for Death—Death found him  
there,  
And to the masters he had loved below  
Led him still higher, their Heaven of thought to  
share.

THE SINGER G. C. L.

HE went, like a lark springing, morning to  
breast

In a glory enwrapt, with his face to the sun;  
With a song on his lips he had only begun;  
By the music within him divinely opprest,  
From the rapture of singing to rapture of rest.

He gave to the world, borne aloft to song's crest  
In measures from stars in the Pleiades caught  
The sublimities lyric'd from vast of his  
thought;—

Then went, like a lark springing, morning to  
breast

From the rapture of singing to rapture of rest.

## TOSCA LYON

## I

## A MEMORIAL

SHE was so radiant when I saw her last  
With the strange rapture on her face they wear  
Whose aureoles are shaping in the air,  
I turned me to the east when she had passed,  
To see what shadow on the sun was cast,  
And then I knew her soul in light had share  
And that toward that dazzling otherwhere  
Her feet in glory shod, were travelling fast.  
And so I lost my heart to her that day  
As the dull things of earth lose hearts to Spring,  
And through the immeasurable bloom of May  
I search the sunny spots where wild flowers cling  
For some divinest violet hidden away  
She smiled upon in last year's blossoming.

## II

## ON HER PICTURE TAKEN IN EGYPT

WHAT dreamed this flower of flowers in that  
    strange land  
Where Pharaohs reigned and where they lay at  
    rest  
In splendor of barbaric jewels drest?  
What were her fancies as she stretched her hand  
To pluck the leaves by tropic breezes fanned?

She looks as if she held within her breast  
Imperial secrets by the Sphinx confessed,  
And all the ages' truths her eyes had scanned;  
Nay, more, she looks as if her soul had sight  
Of an Immense to which she might be won.  
Only, Love near, awhile she stayed her flight  
That still her happy heart was bent upon.  
So, knoweth now whence comes the Pleiades'  
light;  
Yea, and can count the fires of Orion.

## EMERSON

'Mong men he was a master; with his eyes  
Forever questioning Nature, he grew wise,  
    The secrets of the Spring unraveling;  
And with its laughing rivers, laughed,  
And from the Springs of all the ages, quaffed  
    The attar of their joy, and learned innumer-  
        able notes to sing  
    From birds on wing,  
    Till into music he could set  
    The perfume of a violet  
And drew, from exhalations of its dew  
Into his rippling cadences, the rapture of its  
    blue.

'Mong men he was a master; and drinking deep  
    From bosom of the heavens that o'er him  
        swept,  
    Was nurtured on the spheres, and kept  
His soul attuned to their imperial sweep:  
Yea, traveled with them, till his pace  
    They could no longer keep,  
Then vanished into space,  
    Up through the ether fine  
    They only breathe who are divine!—  
But still the world sings, and it still will sing  
    The song wherein the master set  
    The rapture of the violet;  
He cannot die, whose spirit caught

The laughter of the streams ;  
And color of his unhorizoned dreams  
Into cerulean music wrought—  
In kingly state  
He stands out, with the great,  
And this the message that the century gives,  
The master lives !

## THRENODY

## I

THE sun sprang forth to meet the golden day,  
The day we knew her first, too fair to die,  
And the glad April on its glittering way,  
Dropped violets from the sky.

## II

With music of the ages all aflame,  
Raptured with jonquil splendors of the east,  
From near and far its voice transcendent came,  
Like the sky's soul released.

## III

And listening to the melody supreme  
Too near the angels to have known regrets,  
A radiant child as in a radiant dream,  
Bloomed with the violets.

## IV

O child transfigured, who wert April's own,  
With nature rhythmic to its pulses' swing,  
Up from the arms that held thee, thou hast flown  
Into the arms of Spring.



CIRCUMSTANCE

HE was like lark climbing to some new height,  
Plunging the radiant shining ether through,  
That with exultant pinions sweeps the blue  
And sings to it ecstatic with its light:—  
How could this high-souled dreamer turn from  
flight

And to the illimitable, forsake the clew  
And the low levels of the earth pursue  
And be content with them, as swallows might?  
How could he for a “silver piece” betray  
His own high genius?—nay, what time he bore  
Heaven on his breast, he had heard mighty play  
Of wings therein up-sweeping score on score,  
And so, with face turned East toward the day  
Listening th’ immortals, learned the way to soar.

## MY SILENT SINGER

HE was the fairest thing  
The April skies, all palpitate with blue,  
As if with violets abrim,  
Looked down upon;  
And birds were won,  
Sweeping the sunrise fires to sing to him  
Who, gladdest of the sunrise visions knew,  
And whose young voice had ring  
Like laughter of the thousand streams,  
That, wakened from their wintry dreams,  
Ran, rippling to the sea;

Ah me, ah me!

My little, star-eyed child  
That with the violets came, and smiled,  
And, with ineffable content,  
Smiled on—and with the violets went.

The spring winds, now, that blow  
And to the hills and valleys whisper low,

Listen, in vain, to hear  
The music of his footsteps drawing near;  
The rippling laughter of the streams goes on;  
But gladdest note from April's voice is gone;  
And waves of sunshine golden drifting go,  
And, soundless, search the lily blooming ground,  
And, soundless, grow to rainbows on the mound  
Where lilies with the whitest petals grow,  
And birds with joy of spring aflame  
That come, each year, and sing the same;

Howso they sing, no more enthrall,  
For sweeter and diviner than them all  
I seem to hear, down through the ether fall  
A rapture 'scaping heaven, like his transcendent  
call.

And though its sun's rays pierce and sting,  
Unto the April's heart I cling  
As to some living thing:  
For ofttimes from its shadowed eyes,  
As, grieving for the grief I cannot hide,  
Its warm tears rain upon the place where lies  
Its other self, who died;  
Its other self, denied  
To the whole world—and me—  
Oh, star-eyed child, God gave to thee,  
Who hadst outgrown thine earthly place,  
Death—whose transfiguring grace  
Makes royal all the race.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou sleepest well, my king;  
Thou sleepest well, my Spring-crowned spring.

## MY MINSTREL

## I

A MINSTREL violin-voiced once dwelt with me  
Whose Soul, abrim with ecstasy of June,  
Was with all earth and all the heavens in tune;  
And sang with birds that sang on every tree,  
And blew from dandelion's heart with glee,  
Where a gold sun had set, its fleecy moon,  
And chased the butterflies lit up with noon,  
And frolicked with the west winds, glad and free:  
He sprang out on the hills with laughter clear  
And sprang still on, the echoing laugh to meet  
And caught the foam of glad brooks tossing  
near,  
And trod the universe with flying feet  
The music of its millions notes to hear,  
And made, himself, the symphony complete.

## II

Untired, the minstrel slept Memorial day;  
I could not keep him, at the bugle's sound,  
From leaping out to Death, that, sunrise  
    crowned,

Bore him, white limbed and beautiful, away.  
Hushed by the muffled beat of drums, he lay,  
Like one who in a happy dream had found  
The Universe he yearned in Eden's ground,  
And was content his flying feet to stay;—  
—Deathless is Death, for never through the  
    years

Have I forgotten the look his young eyes bore,  
As prescient, that they were not meant for tears;  
Or the strange rapture of the smile he wore  
In that white dream, wherein he trod the spheres,  
But—am importunate of Heaven, no more.

## III

Years melt to-day, to that one, when aflame  
With the hushed rapture of maternity  
Higher than calm, I was content to lie  
Cradling the radiant messenger that came  
To crown spring, doubly spring, whose earthly  
name

I cannot whisper now without a sigh.  
Who was so strangely fair, naught but the sky  
Held paths divine enough his feet to claim;  
I know not, if the early March that year  
Was wrapt in warmth or winding sheet of snow;  
I only know through the thin atmosphere  
I saw white lilies falling all ablow  
Yearning toward his heart, to mine so near,  
His heart that beat such little time below.

## IV

He saw the grasses growing on the hills  
Beckon his coming but a few short springs;  
And through the sunshine watched upsoaring  
wings

As if not strange their glitter, and heard rills  
And answered them, as one who but fulfills  
Impulse of nature and so heaven voiced sings;  
And pondering, pondering mysterious things  
Vanished, one springtime, with the daffodils:  
It was, oh, long ago he came—and went,  
Yet always when earth breaks to flowers, I see  
Up in the blue above me, sunrise rent,  
Not spring alone, but spring's epiphany  
Vision encrowned with lilies, as if sent  
To show, Love waits, beyond Gethsemane.

## V

The Spring comes slowly on, as if to stay  
The flowers from opening at the south wind's  
    kiss,  
Lest the young daffodils a-bloom should miss  
The child who used to watch them day by day,  
And wore them, journeying outward April's way  
Until he vanished through the blue abyss  
Into a world of goldener flowers than this;  
And heeds not, nor can question Spring's  
    delay:—  
The rain falls, sobbing cadenced, to the ground,  
Dripping with woe, as if of all the years  
Since first it wet the grasses on his mound;  
Ah, fitting heaven itself should drop its tears  
For thee, beloved, who wenteth forth, flower-  
    crowned,  
And tookst thine April with thee, through the  
    spheres.



## VI

Taught by the bluebirds, to each morning's sun  
He sang, the music in his soul to free,  
And filled the days with matchless melody,  
Till the whole scale of rapture he had run;  
Then, rapture hushed him, and his songs were  
done;

But always when the first wild flower I see  
Across the Spring his voice comes back to me  
As if from silence he might yet be won:  
Weep on, O Spring! Thy tears are all too fleet:  
Something divine is missing from thy breast  
And thou wilt hear no more the sound of feet  
That have through fields of shining lilies pressed,  
Or feel warm on thine own, my child's heart  
beat—

Who has so long—so long been rocked to rest.

## VII

Lured by the wonderment of spring, mine eyes  
Are lifted to the shining hills, whereon  
I looked rejoicing when thou cam'st new won  
O child, from arms of Heaven. The azure skies  
Are lit to-day with the same flooding dyes  
Flung eastward by that other sun, that shone,  
As my illimitable bliss to own  
Half on the earth and half on Paradise;  
Fluttering of countless wings I hear again  
As in the past; and hyacinths call to me,  
Clamoring the same, in their new bloom to reign;  
I have unlocked my soul, and set grief free  
And bade the spring rush in; but all in vain—  
It is the old spring, not the new, I see.

## VIII

When the annunciation lilies wake  
And purple hyacinths break their perfumed  
    sighs,  
Thy birthday comes, O child, whose radiant  
    eyes  
Illumine heaven. Once more the near hills  
    shake  
The sunshine to thy grave, and bluebirds wake  
Innumerable echoes as they rise  
And sing, as if to sing thee from the skies,  
And will not hush, howe'er my heart may ache,  
Each year in earliest days of spring I dream  
Of that sweet time when first I welcomed thee,  
And of that other time thou caughtest gleam  
That lured thee into immortality.  
O child, thou wert spring's miracle, supreme,  
What miracle but death's is left to me?

## IX

Gay plumaged birds that come to greet the  
Spring

While Spring is yet new born, always I sigh,  
As past the glittering, opal hills ye fly,  
For one who nevermore will hear you sing:  
Nor winds, whichever way they blow, can bring  
The music of his laughter from the sky,  
Or echoes of his footsteps drawing nigh  
That only now, through fields elysian ring—  
Ah, as with rushing sound ye cleave the air,  
Scatt'ring the gossamer radiance as ye go,  
What is it unto me that ye shouldst bear  
The sunshine on your wings, since never glow  
Will light to flooding gold his bright young hair,  
Or aught but wild flowers where he slumbers,  
show?

X

He held the lilies in his childish hand,  
Grown white in silent splendor of the Spring,  
And smiled on summer roses blossoming;  
As if his happy heart could understand  
Whence came the sunshine, and from out what  
land

Came music of the birds—who stayed to sing,  
He loved them so—and slept at last, to swing  
Of rhythmic planets he had nightly scanned,  
He slept—but woke to fairer flowers and light,  
And tuned to music all divine; became  
An angel, sweeping in transcendent flight  
The chords of all the worlds; yea, that whose  
name

Is heaven; woke into beauty infinite,  
A child immortal, but mine own, the same.

## XI

From out the silences thou camest sweet,  
    Enclad in music, Radiant as a star,  
Borne on the heart of springs that near and far  
    Scattered white hyacinths with every beat,  
From off the scintillant hilltops warm and fleet,  
    The sunshine trickled through the heavens  
    afar.  
Nor faintest film hung in the air to mar  
    The glittering pathway for thy pinions  
    beat:—  
Ah, crowding years can never dim the light,  
    Transfusing all the earth and sky and sea  
Of that far spring, when lifted to the height  
    Of gaugeless joy, oh child, I cradled thee,  
Thine eyes are holding Seraphim in sight  
    Still seraph shining, looking forth, past me.

XII

Oh seraph child, thou wert not meant to stay  
But little while, the coming spring to meet,  
And unforgotten music of thy feet  
Breaks into quivering threnodies to-day.  
The scintillating hilltops cannot pierce their way  
To the vast scintillence of thy retreat;  
And though the wild white hyacinths I greet,  
The coming spring without thee seems astray;  
I have implored but death will make no sign,  
Frigid it answered not to my desire;  
Yet sometimes list'ning I could half divine  
I hear thy voice upsoaring from a choir;  
Its holy rapture, caught in dawn's gold line,  
Made audible in its transcendent fire.





BOOK V

SONGS OF THE CITIES



## IN AN OLD CHATEAU—BRITTANY

### I

#### FROM AN EASTERN WINDOW

A FILMY sky with stars that pale and clear,  
Like flowering lilies amber hearted, shine,  
Then as elysian gathered, line on line  
From their elysian garden disappear;  
And rising thick, and stealing far and near  
Where nights' spent fires and dawns' new lit  
combine

A turquoise smoke, their smoldering embers  
sign

Empurpling the translucent atmosphere;  
East born, a tender flush that spreads the blue,  
And deepening, deepening still to rapture grows,  
And Ocean shimmering lifted into view  
Stretched out majestic limbed in its repose;  
And on a phantomed disk half pricking through  
The scarlet heart of Morning's full-blown rose.

## II

## FROM A WESTERN WINDOW

On the horizon's rim, a dauntless sun  
Wounded and bleeding, and yet holding place,  
Tossing his streaming hair with matchless grace,  
And all unbaffled, battling one by one  
The clouds that plunge and overwhelming run  
Across the sky, whereon still lingers trace  
Of his own dazzling course, in dazzling race  
For the emblazoned parapet, "just won."  
Wavering and swooning and half lost to view,  
Struggling as if his dying strength to test,  
The near hills watch him, from their deeps of  
    blue,  
Drown, in a gulf of flame that floods the West,  
And lo, while watching, as if wounded, too,  
Have grown areek with Carmine, breast by  
    breast.

## IN BRITTANY—THE LAND OF MISTS

## SUNRISE

TRAGIC enshrouded sun, unmask, and be  
Thine own deliverer; for the strange pall  
That dense-meshed overhangs thee shuts out all  
The new born triumph of the dawn from me.  
While thou art struggling in captivity,  
The whole world, as if held in magic thrall,  
Seems listening for some transcendent call  
That shall be bugled upward from the sea:—  
Eager I watch the veil that o'er thee lies,  
Till by the salt-breathed tide mysterious strewn,  
Web after web of the torn vapor flies,  
Bannering the east with radiance all thine own,  
While thou, thou shin'st on bosom of the skies  
Like an elysian daffodil, full blown.

## NOON

The gorse is hidden blossoming by the ways,  
And fogs hang heavy on the breathless air,  
And nothing of the sun is seen save glare  
Of smoky saffron, smoking through the haze,  
Along Concarneau's water edge its rays  
Unsheathed a moment, lay the white sails bare,  
Then swift withdrawn, leave them enphantomed  
there,  
And the whole sea is blotted, while we gaze:—  
But wait—The wind upsprings, and fleet and  
fine  
A rosy tremor through the filming flies,  
And harbor, ships, and sea are all ashine;  
And in the middle of the noonday skies,  
Fired with its own resplendence, as with wine,  
The scarlet sun flares, stripped of its disguise.

SUNSET

Oh, peerless Sun, superbly lingering yet,  
Slip not too soon into the arms of night;  
Stay, and allegiance of the day requite  
With new magnificence ere thou shalt set;  
The dew falls fast—the eyes of flowers are wet,  
They weep for thee who art half hidden from  
sight;  
Once more adown the west send thy full light  
And lift the twilight from its pale regret:—  
Reckless, into a sea of liquid rose  
Thou plungest with thy golden bosom bare  
And swimmest onward till the waters close,  
And thou art drowned therein, who wert so fair;  
While still across the horizon streaming flows  
The tangled splendor of thy glittering hair.

## EGYPT

## I

## EGYPT

Oh land majestic and sublime,  
The living monument defying time  
Above dead cities set;  
Where like a voiceless image of regret,  
As from humanity debarred—  
The Sphinx with stony eyes keeps ceaseless  
guard,  
Thou standest like a Queen dethroned,  
Still mighty though disowned—  
Looking with undimmed eyes,  
Without lamenting and without surprise  
Across the faded centuries,  
And seest the waters of the enchanting Nile  
Still in the sunlight smile,  
And hearest on eastern sands their music beat  
Serene as when they flowed at Pharoah's kingly  
feet.

The pyramids that stand  
Like massive tents for the immortals planned  
Thine outposts line,  
And so mysterious in their grandeur seem,  
It is not strange that men to-day should dream  
Immortal armies in a hush divine  
Are waiting there some sign  
Thy secrets to reveal:



Oh, Egypt, like a sovereign unseal  
Thy people's treasure, open wide and free  
Thy soul's gigantic tomb that we may see  
The vast magnificence therein, o'er which have  
    rolled,  
Burying resistless dynasties, æons untold.  
What splendors still are thine—what gems of  
    art  
Lie crushed upon thy pulseless heart?  
Haughty and mute thou stand'st—yet while we  
    own  
Prophetic message of thy marble lilies blown,  
We still shall call thee Queen, mighty though  
    overthrown.

Within thy breast  
Nations once powerful in silence rest,  
And sepulchers with many a royal guest,  
Where through the darkness shine,  
As if of love's supremacy the sign,  
Pictures of faces young and radiant-eyed,  
Who lived and loved and died  
Six thousand years ago—  
And there the marble lotus-lilies blow,  
Sculpture by some dead hand as if to show  
While yet thy years were few, ere Christ's decree,  
Thy people hoped and longed for immortality.

## II

## TO THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX

Thou, who hast through Ogygian æons kept  
Thy calm lips sealed, who hast escaped, un-  
drowned  
The insatiate Sea of Time, what sight, what  
sound  
Can rouse, who ere the world was mayst have  
kept  
Thine ageless vigil, by despairs o'erswept,  
And since then, chance in whirl of chaos, found,  
Upon the mighty heart of Egypt bound;  
Wherefore, O Sphinx, hast thou unwakening  
slept?  
Colossal mystery, when the world shall sway  
And into nothingness be crumbling sent,  
I wonder wilt thou still majestic stay  
With thy stone eyes upon the future bent,  
And scathless, though all else shall pass away,  
Be left behind, the dead world's monument!  
Great baffling mystery of the centuries,  
Lion that crouchest changeless on thy throne  
As if to spring and rend from out the stone  
Thy mongrel impotence, canst thou not rise  
And to the woman's lips bring woman's cries?  
Must thou, with her superb resistance, own  
Thy snarling rage canst never be outgrown;  
Must thou be beast—beast till Time pitying  
dies?

O tragic image of sublime despair,  
Wert thou all woman, by thine anguish led,  
Thou mightst break trance and crush the monster there

And regal conquering reign alone instead;  
Nay, thou might'st to thy breast a soul ensnare,  
—But wouldst be Sphinx, O Sphinx, the lion  
dead?

## III

## MIDNIGHT IN EGYPT

The midnight sleeps and into dreaming sinks,  
And the white moon, a lily newly blown,  
Leans, with a chalice'd rapture all its own  
And radiant floods the immemorial sphinx  
The level plain, athirst with mystery, drinks  
The liquid ecstasy, and silver thrown  
The light, to a colossal chain has grown  
As pyramid with pyramid it links;  
Not tombs these seem, but places wherein dwell  
Pharaohs that sleep, nor would it scarce surprise  
If they should rouse them from their frigid spell  
And swarthy browed, magnificent arise  
And come forth in barbaric gems, to tell  
Secrets of Egypt's crumbled dynasties.

LONDON AND GRASSMERE IN SUMMER

I

LONDON

SNATCHES of sunshine and transcendent blue  
'Twixt evanescent showers, and sudden sight  
Of the dim Abbey in a flood of light  
Lifted for one brief moment into view.  
The noises of the city booming through  
The smoke-enweighted air, in deafening might,  
The parks and squares and, winding, left and  
right,  
The river, old and yet forever new.  
A steadfast throbbing like an engine's beat  
Borne from the busy Strand, where on and on  
Come surging multitudes with hurrying feet,  
And in their very midst, pillowed upon  
Heaven's overhanging bosom, as is meet,  
The splendid obelisk of Wellington.

Twilight that lingering stays and stays, and  
Night

Adown the murky ether sailing slow,  
And 'neath its shadow, dashing to and fro,  
Wheeling through crowded mazes, light on light  
Flashed here and there and then borne out of  
sight,

The thud of horses' feet and tidal flow  
Of human life, and fire and flame and glow  
Of London's midnight fever at its height.  
Music and drama and the silken sheen  
Of royal women, and with haggard eyes  
Gaunt shadows crouching low, with hunted mien,  
And, mingled with the continuous roar, the cries  
Of murdered souls that bleed to death unseen,—  
And over all the calm stars shining high.

## II

## GRASSMERE

A single star faint burning, like a spark  
From some spent fire blown east, that flickering  
    lies,  
Then sinks, and on the swarthy azure dies;  
And out from where the night lies, dead and  
    stark,  
A golden sword-blade, cutting through the dark,  
And Dawn's warm blood that pouring outward  
    flies,  
Running in scarlet streams across the skies,  
And rapturing upward an awakened lark;  
The sun, borne to the sky's and lake's embrace,  
The blackened hills that into purple leap,  
Wild flowers that with the heather interlace  
And 'neath the heavy dews enflooding, weep  
While 'neath their weeping hearts, his fitting place,  
Who sang them deathless, lying sound asleep.

## A DREAM OF ANCIENT GREECE

It is of the old peerless Greece I dream,  
And 'neath its skies I see the setting sun  
Shine on the splendors of the Parthenon  
And hear, swept onward by some noble theme,  
Songs of inspired Athenians mount supreme  
To golden rhapsodies, and one by one  
In haunting measures through the charmed air  
run

Till the low sun with music seems astream;  
Then twilight sinks, and moonlight's lances fall,  
Crowning the city with their silver light,  
And I can hear the nightingales that call  
With their melodious rapture flooding night,  
And see in distance, more divine than all,  
The Ægeans' blazing sapphire swoon to white.

I tread the labyrinthed halls where statues stand,  
Seeming to breathe with life's intense desire,  
Whose marbles burn with the immortal fire  
Carven therein, by an immortal hand:  
I breathe, intoxicate, the air that fanned  
The brow of Pericles, and list the lyre  
The Lesbian singer touched, and draw me nigher,  
Unheeding ages, at her song's command:  
Hark! ere it faints, I hear the battle fray,  
See shining shields and gilded trappings 'blaze,  
And warriors holding enemies at bay,  
And glittering multitudes that crowd the ways;



And thrilled by shouts of victory, I stay  
To see the brows of conquerors crowned with  
bays.

Back, farther back, I search those centuries  
through

When Christ was not: I lift mine eyes and see  
Homer, the thunder-souled, whose Odyssey  
Upon Time's sea was hurled, and ere he knew  
Eternity had snatched: Homer who grew  
Blind with his own soul's light, and eagle free  
Heard the sun swing in metric majesty,  
And set, magnificent, his verse thereto.

O wondrous Greece, these deathless, are thy  
pride;

No wonder, borne to such imperial height,  
Thou hadst, ere thy dishevelment, defied.  
The world to mate thee; and canst still scorn  
blight

Who hast reared gods; who wear'st, nor æons can  
hide,

Art's matchless flower as thy consummate right.

## PARIS

## PARIS IN SUMMER

PARIS lies smiling in the summer light,  
Keying to Pleasure's note its countless strings,  
Like some great butterfly with gaudy wings  
Striving with joys its little day to heap:  
It has forgotten the Bastile, and headless sleep  
Of murdered men, and the young frightened  
things  
That kissed with their white lips their wedding  
rings  
And then were butchered as are butchered sheep.  
Oh, city piled with splendors infinite;  
With thy gay people and thy festive whirl,  
Thou canst not lure me with thy bubbles bright,  
A curdling horror seems my soul to stir,  
As if thy bloody claws could clutch me tight!  
Oh, tiger heart:—oh, whited sepulcher!

ROME

I

THE CATACOMBS

THE hills are brooding o'er the olive plain  
Of the Campagna, where above the dead  
The living, breathing Rome lifts up her head  
In haughty silence, heeding not the pain  
Nor dreams nor passions of her martyr's slain,  
And though half crushed, half conquered, by  
the tread  
Of trampling years magnificently fled,  
Rich in her past, still regal, holds her reign!  
Not strange her pride, whose classic feet are  
pressed  
Upon the dust-crowned Catacombs where sleep  
Emperors and popes, and where in holy rest  
Lies Music's Virgin Saint: Not strange to keep  
Knowledge of sovereignty within her breast,  
Who has heard St. Cecilia's strains upsweep.

## II

## SUNSET ON THE APPIAN WAY

Writ as in blood in the vermillion light,  
Where broken tombs are leaning 'gainst the skies,  
One city, of the dead, beneath me lies  
And one is stretching onward out of sight;  
Within this wondrous scene is crowded might  
And history of Rome; its victories,  
Ambitions, valors, its defeats and sighs,  
And life and death of centuries drowned in night.  
Yet haply men may see, though Rome is old,  
Heroes more noble than the Cæsars rise  
And win her new renown; nay, may behold  
Apostle that shall all the world surprise,  
Whose creed divine may 'cross the heavens be  
told,  
And the blind Past anoint the Future's eyes.

## III

## UNTO THE HILLS

Beyond the Church of St. Sebastian lie  
The ruins of the splendid tomb of one  
Who died when Rome was young—the setting  
sun

Lingering awhile in scarlet majesty,  
While bathing it in glory, seems to sigh  
That death must be, as for the ages done—  
Then Rome is plunged in gloom; Rome overrun  
With its dead multitudes, and those to die.  
Unto the hills, grim shadowed, I look up,  
Searching the gloom, some peak of light to gain,  
For at another feast I fain would sup,  
Who have grown satiate at the feast of pain,  
Since though these millions dead, drained deep  
the cup  
Of life's despair—the cup has filled again.

## IV

## A DREAM

I dreamed a dream of Rome; I saw the light  
On its seven hills drop from its burning red  
To thickest gloom, as though the sun lay dead,  
Slaughtered with its own writhing rays, at sight  
Of splendors wrecked; then, reeking with the  
    night,  
While classic marbles splintered to the tread  
Of ruthless feet through aisles of temples led,  
The shadowy city vanished, wormed with blight:—  
O fallen Rome! my soul with grief profound  
Sits 'mid the ruins of its golden prime,  
Like thee—accurst. Like thee, with gaping  
    wound,  
That bleeds unstanch'd; like thee, beckoned to  
    climb  
To mine own fall. Yet fallen—scourged—dis-  
    crowned,  
From such high bliss dream even to fall, sub-  
    lime.

## V

## MOONLIGHT IN ROME

A flood of silver falls across the plain  
And drowns the hills, where sing the nightin-  
gales,  
And fluttering moths with their outspreading  
sails  
In the translucent air hold velvet reign.  
The white, bare-bosomed moon, from vane to  
vane,  
Its glory o'er the sleeping city trails,  
And like a queen, that a lost bauble, hails,  
Rome, its endazzling crescent wears again.  
From off the lambent heavens the stars have  
flown,  
I know not where, and yet, as seas on seas  
Of lilies on the Campagna wave, new blown,  
I half believe that, orbit-held, all these  
Once on the sky in calm resplendence shone  
And knew the secrets of the Pleiades.

## VI

## IN ROME

I trod Rome in the grandeur of its past,  
Not ruined Rome ; with waving palms and flowers.  
And fountains playing in enchanting bowers,  
And courts, and squares, with gay crowds, brilliant massed,  
With gorgeous palaces, and columns vast,  
And looming, golden dripping, 'bove its towers,  
St. Peters, drenched in sun enflooding showers,  
Into a sapphire flame its great dome cast ;  
The splendid empire at its splendid height ;  
Revelers and bursts of music, and the air  
Areek with careless mirth, and lined in sight  
Th' eternal hills, serene and calm and fair  
As if on guard, in their eternal might,  
To cradle it in splendor or despair.



VII

AT ST. PETER'S

Heavy as with the prayers of centuries  
Within the dim cathedral hung the air  
With incense thick, and with the "Glorias" there  
The great bell's booming clangor seemed to rise  
As if it would bear up earth's suppliant cries  
To heart of heaven. Above the altar fair,  
Lit by the tapers with their saffron flare,  
Down from the cross shone Christ's beseeching  
eyes—

O Rome, of all thy matchless jewels worn  
St. Peter's is most fair! Lo, as I came  
Slow from its doors, the swooning sun, death-  
borne,  
Flooded with a great sea of jasper flame  
Its dome and thee.—Why for the dead past  
mourn  
Who still such vast magnificence can claim?

## VENICE

## I

## VENICE AT SUNRISE

A BURNISHED light through morning's bosom  
flows,  
As the sun rises, at the trumpet's sound,  
And the new day leaps up with arms unbound  
And drenches Venice in a flood of rose;  
A sapphire, in the blushing distance shows,  
And from the Grand Canal lights glitter round,  
And lone, mid spires and domes vermilion  
crowned,  
San Marco, as with benediction glows:  
O city of enchantment, sunrise kissed,  
Whose palaces and archways, centuries fold,  
Whose lions of St. Marc, unroused, resist  
Time's finger prints, how shouldst thou e'er grow  
old,  
When here, uplifted to Art's eucharist,  
Titian and Veronese their deathless visions told?

II

VENICE IN RAIN

Rainfall in Venice and the skies are gray  
And heavy clouds engathering here and there  
Have drifted lowering to the horizon, where  
Gulfed in the gloom, St. Mark's is hidden away!  
A muffling mist is hanging o'er the Bay,  
Where lie the gondolas undecked and bare,  
And ashen drops are trickling through the air  
Like tragic tears wept by the shrouded day.  
I turn to Venice of my dreams, with gold  
Of its sun sprinkled air, and skies aglow,  
With fountains, radiant crowds, and marbles  
    scrolled;  
Music in Swirls and Tasso's deathless flow  
And Venice at its splendid height behold  
And splendid measure of its triumph know.

## SWITZERLAND

## I

## TO THE ALPS

GREAT Alps, with glaciers glittering in the light  
Of the gold-sandaled sun, whose peaks uprise  
And gild the sapphire floor of Paradise,  
Whose giant Jungfrau, with its flaming might,  
Leaning the heavens, in dazzle of its height,  
Seems plunged therein, up from your caves come  
cries,

As from imprisoned gods, and virgin sighs  
Of winds that waken music in their flight!  
Wrapt in the white of your eternal snows,  
With fleecy clouds that o'er your summits ride,  
I can recall you, when the twilight goes,  
And in the Night's stupendous arms ye hide:  
As if the glory in your bosoms froze,  
And with the anguish of eclipse ye died.

II

SUMMER IN SWITZERLAND

I looked out on the Alps—afar they shone,  
Through the translucence of the noontide air,  
With their snow mantled peaks enclustering fair,  
Like lilies on the heart of heaven full blown;  
Beneath, the lake with shattered rainbows  
strewn.

Ran on its sinuous way, and here and there  
Flashed radiant messages aloft, to where  
The Jungfrau beckoned on its frozen throne;  
The eternal peaks beneath the zenithed sun  
Imperial lifted, seemed to prick the sky  
And all the light with which it was o'errun  
In its sublimity rushed flooding by,  
And glittering drowned them in it, one by one,  
While almost, almost I heard summer sigh.

## DEFIANCE

AGE, I defy thee, though thou hold'st me fast,  
Though I have heard the sound of rustling  
    wings,  
And threnodies of pines, so many Springs,  
And plucked the violets to lay at last  
Upon beloved hearts, with grief so vast  
Aeons might reek with it, yet April brings  
To my dumb soul aghast with voiceless things  
A call to new hope like a bugle blast:—  
—Thou hast half beggared, yet I scorn thy  
    power,  
Nor canst thou, to forget, my soul ensnare,  
But death will rivaling come some sunrise hour,  
And bring to me, blown in the luminous air  
Of Love's unzoned Immense, the shining flower  
Of what, in living embryoed, was Despair.

I STOOD UPON A MOUNT

I stood upon a mount that scarred the sky,  
And every blade of grass was touched with  
blight—

Where blazing suns blazed down with withering  
might,

And lightning blasted trees hung dead and dry;  
Eagles with fierce-lit eyes swooped from on high  
With savage motion, clutching murderous tight  
Warm, quivering creatures—talon-torn in flight,  
And held me shuddering as they thundered by.

O cowering soul! Behold, thou lingerest yet  
In that dread place, and seest thy pathway  
strewn

With eagles bleaching prey. Rise up and set  
Thy drooping wings toward Faith's diviner  
zone;

Rise! Rise until this black mount of regret  
Into transfiguration shall be grown.





BOOK VI

SONGS OF THE SEASONS



## JANUARY

### I

#### SNOW

O SHINING world that liest as in a dream,  
With all thy rugged nakedness disguised,  
On which the imperial sun looks down, surprised  
At thy new grace, snow-crowned, thou wear'st a  
gleam

As if, from winter's dreariness supreme,  
Thy white eclipse revolt hast signalized,  
And hills and valleys have been all apprised  
Of this soft power thy beauty to redeem;  
Shine on; the gloomy autumn has gone by,  
And the young spring is stirring at thy side,  
Clamoring for thee to waken and reply.  
O world, not long wilt thou consent to bide  
In such chill sleep, for soon, soon, with glad sigh,  
Thou wilt arise, resplendent as a bride.

## II

## RAIN

O rain, that beatest eastward through the air,  
Malignant rival of the illumined snow,  
Jealous thou searchest earth, as if to know  
How soon its every sinew thou mayst bare!  
Thou hast no pity, nor canst even spare  
The meadow's secrets; nay, its hollows low  
Insisteth fierce to rob, as dismal, so  
Thou wouldst rebuke the wild flowers sleeping  
there;  
Will naught but earth's gaunt skeleton content?  
From dripping branches of the trees, have gone  
The rainbows, 'neath which yesterday they bent,  
And, lo! they seem to point at thee with scorn,  
As if they knew, earth's brief transfigurement  
Thou hadst o'erthrown because thyself forlorn.

III

SUNSHINE

O sun, that hast o'er mastered snow and rain,  
Yea, almost conquered winter, with thy gold,  
Thou hast forgotten time, and seekest bold  
To dupe with smile of spring, but all in vain;  
Unsoftened by thy glances all the plain  
Is but a dreary stretch of frozen mold,  
And earth's great heart in lethargy of cold  
Unheaving still beneath thee lies; behold  
Thou hast not reached the zenith of thy reign—  
Yet shouldst thou sudden veil thy face, some  
    blast  
Blown from the hills may trumpet change to  
    thee,  
And sinking shuddering from the horizon vast,  
Thou mayst outblotted by a whirlwind be;  
Yet not for long, thou wilt proclaim at last  
The lilied spring, glad with maternity.

## FEBRUARY

## I

## MOONLIGHT IN FEBRUARY

BEND low, O moon, that risest calm and fair  
And with thy flame of silver searchest night  
As if its soul to read, and drownest light  
Of the bewildered stars; bend low, to where  
List'ning, thou mayest hear, fretting in the air  
The first faint cry of spring, for neath the blight  
That shrivels the midwinter's heart, lies might,  
New forces through its frozen veins to bear!—  
Where the sun's funeral pageant left the place,  
Lo! 'bove the smoldering ashes of the day  
Unheeding thou look'st down, and in white grace,  
I see thee shining on, as to obey  
Heaven's changeless laws; nor can I know or  
trace  
What voices signal, as thou climb'st thy way.

II

FEBRUARY AT THE SEA

The wind-blown snow that o'er the marshes flew,  
Has settled into drifts and o'er them lie,  
Dropt as in benediction from the sky,  
The frozen shadows of its matchless blue;  
They seem like monuments set up as clew  
To graves of marigolds, and wild birds fly  
Wheeling above them, and from ocean nigh  
Are rolled forth symphonies forever new—  
I look upon th' entrancing scene spellbound:  
For sunlit trees upon their branches wear  
Millions of rainbows and the earth is crowned  
With such strange light, almost it seems as fair  
As when the daffodils lit up the ground  
And flaming orioles winged the summer air.

## MARCH

## I

Who can reproach thee that thou tak'st thy  
place

With shy reserve, O March, coming from chill  
Of Winter's funeral rites, and holding still  
Traces of countless tears upon thy face?

Yet thou wear'st something of the Spring's wild  
grace,

For grasses have grown brighter with the thrill  
Of the new currents that thine arteries fill  
And swiftened run, warmed by the sun's embrace;

And in the gullied meadows, moisture bound,  
Cradles of swamp-flowers, purple in the light,  
And bushes, pointed leaved, will soon be crowned  
With bloom aquiver, as for airy flight;  
O Spring, dear Spring, whose breath so stirs the  
ground!

How canst be silent daffodils in sight?



II

Thou seemest drowsing still, although with  
might  
Of the years' giant forces running high,  
Divinest murmurs through the ether fly  
As if escaping thee with pure delight.  
The skies are bluer, and from height to height  
A glittering glory runs, and winds go by  
Searching thy radiant presence to descry  
And rouse thee from thy dreaming into flight;  
—Waken, O laggard Spring, for near and far  
The sighs of hyacinths assail the air,  
As if their purple prisons were ajar;  
Waken, and let my soul, dull with despair,  
Rejoice with thee, who wilt unloose each bar  
And on thy breast the escaping wild flowers wear.

## III

Thou hast arisen, for sun on sun has sent  
Its shining lances over hill and plain,  
And the warm winds have blown up gusts of rain,  
And from the hillsides tumbling waters rent;  
The somber willows o'er the rivers bent  
Unfurl their dazzling feathery fans again,  
And now and then is heard a matchless strain,  
The rapture of a bluebird finding vent.  
Thou hast been turbulent, because of sting  
Of embryoed flowers; but soon at thy decree  
Anemones will smile and trilliums bring  
Their silver shining fonts, where thou shalt be  
In thine own tears baptized again, O Spring,  
With the new name of April waiting thee.

IV

The clouds have smitten the sun to a dull glow,  
Plunging in gloomy billows 'cross the sky,  
And the unquiet winds go hurrying by,  
Whirling the tiny tracks from out the snow  
Of countless sparrows, and half plaintive sigh  
Across the shivering trees, where swollen lie  
A thousand smoldering, warm-hued buds, that  
    sigh,  
Yet 'neath their icy veilings dare not blow.  
Hast thou forgotten, O March, in thine unrest,  
The glittering crocuses with gold agleam?  
Let flow thy tears—for tears that rain thy  
    breast  
Transformed to wild flowers, will thy past re-  
    deem;  
Thou art but child with Spring's new cares  
    opprest,  
And canst not rouse thee from thy troubled  
    dream.

## V

Thy dream has vanished, for behold on high  
The sun is rioting in dazzling blue,  
And where the snow lay, shines a film of dew  
Transfigured by the noonday's ecstasy;  
The alien winds, sudden affrighted, fly  
Their southern rival, that with music low  
Murmurs accompaniments to streams that flow  
Where violet shadows from the mountains lie;  
From out the nightmare of thy child-tossed sleep  
Thou hast at last arisen, smiling fair,  
And with a power ineffable wilt sweep  
Spring's sweet contagion through the enam-  
ored air,  
And round thy brow sun's rays will haste to  
leap  
Who wert appointed oriflamme to wear.

VI

The wind is blowing southward down the hills,  
Damp with the vaporous phantoms of the snow,  
And o'er the peevish sky the vexed clouds go  
Hurrying toward the beckoning daffodils.  
There is a rushing sound of mountain rills  
That, discontent with their high places, go  
Edging the valley lands where willows grow,  
Whose scent the sunshine flings forth as it will;  
Inconstant March! fractious and stormy  
    browed,  
Almost thou seem'st thine own moods to assail,  
Seeking from morn's their saffron lights to  
    crowd  
And flashing of thy fickle smiles to veil;  
Yet, though thou buglest low, or buglest loud,  
Thou art the Spring—the Spring that blue birds  
    hail.

## APRIL

## I

## APRIL

With shining eyes across the purple hills,  
Shaking to earth her glittering, sun-rayed hair,  
With mist and dew, and perfume everywhere,  
Comes the young April crowned with daffodils:  
The mystery of her golden presence thrills  
Anemones to trembling in the air,  
And wakes a butterfly that gauzy fair  
With streaming banners her behest fulfills;  
Divine foretold by intimations low,  
Like soft escape of seashells murmuring,  
The verdant grasses 'neath her footsteps grow,  
And the white lilies to her garments cling;  
And Pan, dead Pan, comes back, once more to  
    blow  
A wild sweet welcome to the wild sweet spring.

Blow Pan, how can Thine eyelids but unfold  
When loosened rivers clamor thee to rise,  
When mammoth womb of earth, aleap with cries  
Of flowers yet undelivered, shakes the mold?  
Thou mayest mistake her with her locks of gold  
For Aphrodite, till within her eyes,  
Maternal yearning, thou shalt recognize  
Twin violets that violets behold—

If thou wert dead and she has wakened thee  
With lilies, silver bells, list their refrain  
And chime thy notes to their white melody  
Till constellate daisies, shimmering, light the  
    plain—  
Blow Pan, but let thy flute-charmed soul decree  
Thou shalt blow April thy divinest strain.

## II

## MOONLIGHT

Fair moon that silver sandaled climb'st on high  
As if to reach a place we may not know,  
Bring from therein some mystic bloom to show  
Its shining hearted flowers can blight defy;  
Glide up thine April path, till, through the sky,  
From a new April thou shalt bring new glow,  
Drenched in the light of pinions as they go  
Winging toward the throne eternally—  
Thou seem'st with hyacinthine spring inspired,  
Thy great heart crescent beating in the east,  
As if thou knewest what its soul desired  
And decked thyself for resurrection's feast,  
Hearing its countless anthems lily-choired,  
White, with incarnate glory of its priest.



III

THREE APRIL MOODS

The jonquil fires have hidden the skies' deep blue  
At mandate of the sun, and downward rolled  
From off the glittering hills, the liquid gold  
Falls on the thick, soft grasses, drenched with  
dew;

The warm winds, blowing from the south, steal  
through

The ruddy maple boughs and half unfold  
Their scarlet pennants, and with color bold  
Tall tulip-torches flame and flare anew;  
Up from the emerald valleys comes the bleat  
Of glad young lambs that in the pastures play,  
And far and near the shrill voiced cocks repeat  
Their strenuous, noisy welcomes to the day,  
And, high o'er all by April, bugled sweet  
Spring's jubilates break from spring away.

The minstrel winds are hither wandering,  
The eager minstrel winds that as they stray  
Upon a thousand lutes of April play,  
And from the hearts of all things growing bring  
Immeasurable music of the spring.  
Oh, soul divine, exultant go thy way  
And with the daffodils keep holiday,  
For the whole world is new, when blue birds sing.  
Pale tipped, the hemlocks in the sunshine glow,

And silver shoots hide fair the willow scars,  
And butterflies have 'scaped their shrouds, and  
lo,

"The stones are rolled, from the flower sepul-  
chers;"

Oh soul, watch bloom from graves arisen, and  
know

Thou, too, shalt one day break thy prison bars.

Across the hills I heard the spring's voice call,  
And straightway, light-anointed, I became  
Lifted to the Most High, for, clad in flame,  
The dazzling sun o'er rode the horizon wall  
And let a measure of his glory fall,  
Till earth a semblance to the heavens could  
claim;

And so baptized and shriven from the past shame  
Of my despairs, I shook my soul, like Saul.—  
O April, grief and I have since grown old;  
Nor canst thou, calling now o'er all the land,  
Waken such perfect hour; nor can the gold  
With which thy morning skies is flooding  
spanned

O'ertake that shore, mine eyes would fain behold,  
Whereon the feet of my beloved stand.

IV

IN APRIL

Elusive vision, fluttering here and there  
In April's shimmering iridescent guise,  
Thou comest bannered with cerulean skies,  
And rioting of sunshine everywhere;  
To-day thy flooding teardrops drench the air;  
Is it thou knowest that in each warm tear

lies

An embryoed wildflower that will newborn rise  
And drinking of thy fairness grow more fair?  
Thou glad, sad Presence, how couldst other be  
Since Spring's strange tumults through thy  
pulses flow?

All that is beautiful comes back to thee.  
The maples' wind-blown flame, the jonquils'  
glow,

And out of but too golden ecstasy—  
Thy tears fall fast, fall fast, while lilies blow.

Thou dazzling sun, caught in a vaporous net,  
And from its flimsy meshes struggling free,  
Up through the illumined ether I can see  
Thine unveiled bosom toward the noontide set;

Thou light'st the harebell and the violet,  
And gild'st the unweaned cowslips, born of thee,  
And openest buds that blush on every tree,  
And lift'st the last year's grasses, lingering yet:  
O warm rayed sun, too long I have given heed  
To sound of sighing in the wash of seas;  
Shine forth, that Spring's new music may be  
freed!

Thou wak'st the birds, and butterflies, and bees  
And earth itself from dreams—Canst thou not  
lead

My soul to joy's full eminence, like these?

V

AN APRIL SUNSET

Sink, amber sun, and drown in amber light,  
The day is ended, and thou hear'st the call  
Of purple-hearted night, whose purple wall,  
Bridging the West, hides thee awhile from sight:  
Thou hast kissed flowers to bloom, and from the  
    height  
Of the emblazoned hilltops hast let fall  
Thine April ecstasy, enflooding all;  
Let death's magnificence for death requite,  
Thou hast made fairer what hast looked upon,  
Yet hadst thou lingered longer, it might be  
Imperishable power thou mightst have won;  
For ah, thou knewest not, nor yet couldst see  
While full, full on me, all day thou hast shone,  
Not thine, not thine the splendor dazzling me!

## VI

## IN EARLY SPRING

I turned me to the eastward, from whence came  
A soft, low singing, as from out the sun;  
And all the blood of April seemed to run  
'Cross the embosomed chrysoprased, like flame.  
I turned me to the hills, and lo, the same  
Transcendent calling, woke them, one by one,  
And o'er their crests a silver veil was spun  
The magic of the morning to proclaim:  
—O pulsing, mystic ecstasy of sound,  
As if some prisoned rapture had found wing!  
O violets soft stirring in the ground,  
Each blossom sighing like some living thing,  
How can I ever doubt, so compassed round,  
That I have heard the first faint cry of Spring?

Yes, thou art new born Spring, thou radiant  
    one,  
Aërial messenger of growing things,  
Spirit that brightenest forest shadowings,

---

Who hast, unseen, thy miracles begun;  
For earth with soft young grasses, is o'errun,  
And in the clear, transparent ether rings  
A sound as if innumerable wings  
Were rhythmic, sweeping upward to the sun;  
—Thou calledst me softly, with thy voice divine,  
The glories of thy countless flowers to share,  
And 'bove each golden daffodil of thine;  
And all thy lilies opening white and fair,  
I seem to see, as they transfigured shine,  
A cloud-wrapt vision rising through the air.

Fleet-winged thou art, yet captive of the sky;  
Prisoner of all the unmeasured heavens, yet  
    free,  
Illumining the earth and air and sea,  
And more elusive than the birds that fly;  
The impulse of the streams that wander by  
And kiss the mountain shadows, comes from thee;  
And south winds, loitering from tree to tree,  
Whisper, æolian-voiced, that thou art nigh.  
O restless, dazzling, prisoner of light,  
Thou canst not hide thee wholly in the blue,  
For swept with thine own splendor into flight,  
Thou shimmerest iridescent into view;  
And with thy touch ineffable in might,  
'Scaped from the heavens, hast made the whole  
    earth new.



## MAY

## I

HASTE hitherward, O month of flashing wings;  
I long to hear along thy valleys blown  
The murmurous music of Spring's undertone  
Divine, with breathing of its new born things;  
Hasten and bring the nightingale that sings,  
When thou art nigh, unto thy heart alone,  
And secret of its sweet despair will own  
But to the moon that on thy bosom clings;  
Beloved of Aphrodite! Haste and wake  
The lilies that along thy path will blow  
Enamored with thine eyes! Haste thee, and  
take  
Unto the rose the blush it fain would know!  
Thou art so beautiful, and thou canst make  
The world so beautiful, why com'st so slow.

## II

Here, here thou art, thou flower breasted Spring,  
And from thy sun's gold heart the glad, warm  
rays

Have glittering pierced the evanescent haze,  
And to the hillcrests, radiant-reaching, cling.  
Into a swirl of glory west winds fling  
The full-orbed marguerites that star the ways,  
And orioles, winging with their breasts ablaze  
Unto the silvery blossoms, silvery sing.—  
There is a dazzle over all the land,  
A light, ethereal shimmering everywhere,  
And the whole shining universe is spanned  
With beauty palpitate, and the stirred air  
Seems as it had the power at its command  
Into earth's soul, the soul of heaven to bear.

III

Over the grasses wet with April rain,  
Whose damps still linger 'neath thy forest trees,  
Thou comest thy way with lilies and with bees,  
Kissing magnolias into bloom again.  
The willows, listening to the tides' refrain,  
Borne into undulating harmonies,  
Dream silver dreams once more, and every breeze  
Breathes secrets of the clover on the plain.—  
Thou bringst the blushing iridescent skies,  
The sapphire noons, the dawns' pale chryso-  
prase,  
The sunshine, haunted with the butterflies,  
And perfect twilights, born of perfect days—  
What lackest thou that I should turn mine eyes  
And search the shadows of thy loneliest ways?

## IV

Thou com'st incarnate of the Spring—and yet,  
I plead with thee for more than bloom and light;  
Bring back a hope that will my soul requite  
For its long desolation and regret.

Once, when I plucked a late, sweet violet,  
I was so raptured that I felt Spring's might  
Run scarlet through my veins; now, now what  
right

Have I, whom thou art part of, to forget?  
For thou returnest each year as to declare  
Thou art unchanged; why then may I not know  
Fulfillment of desire sometime, somewhere?

I will commune with thee, for thou canst show  
Death is not death, and so, weaned from despair,  
I shall be glad once more because the violets  
blow.

V

Swift, swift thou com'st with thine imperial  
days,

With dawns ineffable, and winds that blow  
Bearing the swallows hitherward, and flow  
Of silver streams singing through forest ways,  
Thy suns fling broadcast their transfiguring  
rays

The imminent rapture of thy bloom to show,  
And all the perfumed ether is aglow  
With blushing buds of lilacs swung to haze;  
The beauty in thy soul thou settest free,  
To flower thy fields, and make thy hills more  
fair;

So fair, so fairer still, they grow to be,  
'Neath the exceeding light they, sky-kissed, wear,  
I half expect, charmed back to earth, to see  
The gods, as in Olympia, roaming there.

## VI

The fretted skies have wept themselves to mist  
And their dull gray has melted into blue,  
And wild birds call to Spring, as if they knew  
The hills would soon be crowned with amethyst;  
The hyacinths and crocuses, sun kissed,  
Startled to life, the sodden ground breaks  
through,  
And o'er the last year's grasses steals a hue  
As earth's new smile they could not long resist:  
The sparkling rivers passionately sway,  
Swirling the snow-crests of the mountains by,  
And willow branches, shining silver gray,  
Stretch out, as if exultant, to the sky:  
And swifter, swifter, swifter, day by day  
The Spring, the fair young Spring, is drawing  
nigh.

VII

O saffron lights that palpitate and flame  
On bosom of the East! beneath your fire  
Of blazing splendor, that each morn sweeps  
higher

As if earth's resurrection to proclaim,  
The opening daffodils ye put to shame;  
While April, stirred with music's soft desire,  
Listening the bluebirds that your gleams aspire,  
Sings lullabies her vagrant winds to tame;  
A murmurous rapture seems to haunt the dells,  
Like the faint breathing, indistinct and sweet,  
Of new-born violets; and sound of bells  
That chimed by lilies muffled seem to beat  
Through their own perfumes, like a signal tells  
The presence of the Spring ye climb to greet.

## VIII

O jonquils, gleaming in the crystal air,  
As if from soul of the great dazzling sun,  
Unbarred to Spring, your color had been won,  
Transfused with its gold fire, ye seem to share  
Its eminence of light and shine out fair  
Beneath its glow, as if ye had begun  
To dream your orbits, and, with earth films  
done,  
For the bright rays ye covet, to prepare!  
The butterflies steal out, and from their sleep  
The drowsy bees, half wakened, languid, stay  
Hovering your petals, and I hear the sweep  
Of vibrant chords, as if the winds at play  
Had loosed your music, while with dews that  
steep,  
O radiant flowers! ye are baptized in May.



## IX

Pink lilac buds that tender violet grow  
In the consummate splendor of the sun,  
And white campanula's, that one by one  
Your imminent music ring forth as ye blow!  
It is Spring's carnival, and full rayed glow  
The dandelions with their gold o'errun,  
And crowned with rainbows by the dewdrops  
    spun,  
The glittering marguerites toss to and fro.  
—Around the hills vapors of sapphire cling,  
And bees and butterflies wing through the air  
As if to every blossom they would bring  
Sense of their own divineness! Yea, so fair  
The Spring has grown that when the bluebirds  
    sing  
Almost my heart beats jubilant unaware.

## X

## SUNRISE

Gold fires that flaming upward burn the east,  
As if the Sun-god's heralds lit the way  
Until his chariot wheels should roll in Day,  
And from the stars that held them, be released:  
Ere the great pageant overhead has ceased,  
I see your dazzling colors reel and sway,  
Until they melt to chrysoprase of May;—  
And, lo! marvels of morn are but increased;  
O soul of heaven! O mystery palpitate,  
On flowers innumerable thou lookest down  
And like a mother, brooding, seemst to wait,  
Yearning earth's children, if they smile or frown:  
And watchest miracles of Spring, elate,  
Nor know'st of all, thou art thyself the crown.

## XI

## A MAY SWALLOW

Swallow, that springest through the illumined  
air

With thine impetuous wings toward summer  
pressed,

Content thee, for in the purple of the west

The Summer waits, its presence to declare;

Too late for daffodils, thou comest ere

The wild rose dares to flaunt its golden breast

And morning-glories filled with soft unrest

Still for their delicate tracery prepare:—

Thou hast exceeded Summer in thy race,

And golden-breasted orioles outflow,

Content thee for awhile with May's white grace,

Nor restless, shalt thou long remain alone,

For Summer, Summer will thy pathway trace

And overtake thee, who art Summer's own.

## XII

## MAY SUNRISE AT THE SEASHORE

Upon the sky areek with violet,  
Behold, eastward there grows a sudden blaze,  
As if the beacon fires of classic days  
Were burning still, for Agamemnon set;  
And the great Sun leans from his parapet  
And o'er the marigolds that mark the ways  
Of the drained marsh lands, flings his splintered  
    rays,  
Till the whole shore with glory is beset;  
And in the distant fields, where cowslips shine,  
Emblazons their cups, till their faint flecks of  
    red  
Glitter like undrained drops of April's wine;  
And Dawn, with its resplendent wings outspread,  
Drifts to the sea, and signals, held divine,  
Its double rapture, to the Dawn o'erhead.

## XIII

## FROM AN EASTERN WINDOW

The morning blushed, and blushed and blushed  
once more,

And o'er its beating heart I saw the flow  
Of its encarmined currents surging go,  
And flood the twilight pallor of the shore:  
The slumbering sea a glittering pathway bore,  
And far and near the spires were all aglow,  
Tipped, as with blood, and on the ground below  
Where white frost lay, the rose bloomed as of  
yore.

Ah, when the sun wheels upward glittering bright  
In regal trappings, I could almost share  
In worship of the East and kneel at sight:  
I sometimes think, knowing men could not bear  
The awful splendor of His bosom's light,  
God flowered a Sun and left it flowering there.

## XIV

## REGRET

I had grown May enamored; glad and free  
She went with flower-shod feet o'er hill and plain,  
But now for her white bloom I watch in vain,  
And search her olden haunts, yet cannot see  
Which way she vanished. What is June to me,  
Who, listening, dream that I may hear again  
Her child-voice singing even in the rain,  
Who had the soul of sweet Persephone?  
O rose, delay! Haply she had not meant  
With her sun-blinded eyes thy way to choose.  
But, oh! the lilies breathe not where she went,  
And nightingales her nightingales refuse.  
Thou brib'st with June and scorn'st my discontent,  
But what thy scorn who hast no May to lose?

## JUNE

## I

THE swallows have come back in a swift race  
For newer joys, cleaving the purple air  
With their impetuous wings, the while they bear  
The Summer hitherward in close embrace!  
O matchless Summer, with thy matchless grace,  
I tremble lest of thine own power aware,  
While still the swallows dart through sunshine  
fair,  
Thou shouldst escape them and thy ways re-  
trace.  
Stay, for each beat of thy rose-laden heart  
Brings forth a strain from Joy's neglected lyre  
And I am lifted sunward as thou art.  
Yea, I am winged with thee! O sweet, mount  
higher  
Till 'bove death's change, above life's petty  
smart,  
I see the Summer of my soul's desire.

## II

Thou hast unveiled thy face, O Summer fair,  
And lookest with thine unfathomable eyes  
On land and sea, as if thou wouldst baptize  
The world in thine own joy; thou com'st, and  
where

Thy glad feet press a thousand flowers prepare  
To hail thy presence in resplendent dyes,  
And when thou whisperest, answering whispers  
rise,

As those breathed by the pine trees on the air:—  
Thou art an incarnation of the year,  
With all its sweetness in thy soul expressed;  
A priestess passionate, a rose-crowned seer,  
A white Madonna in whose virgin breast,  
Beneath its calms, ineffable, appear  
Shadows of an ineffable unrest!



III

The butterflies are winging to and fro,  
And clover blossoms, purple flaunting, swing  
And the wild blackberry vines, their perfumes  
    fling

On the warm winds that kiss them as they blow.  
Upon the turquoise heavens the light clouds go,  
Illusive sailing eastward, as to bring  
News from the sunrise, where the orioles sing,  
Caught in its meshes, to their mates below;  
The grasses glisten and the bees, elate,  
Scale the sun's dazzling ladders, side by side,  
And languid winging with their honeyed freight  
In the full-breasted thistles seek to hide;  
And the wild roses, color brimmed, translate  
What radiant visions in June's soul abide.

## IV

Gay, plumaged bird that slender dartest by  
From the azaleas, with thy tiny power,  
Shaking the dewdrops in a perfumed shower,  
We know by thee the Summer's heart beats high.  
Thou turnest from the honeysuckles nigh  
To hover o'er a gorgeous trumpet flower,  
And rivaling, flashest forth thy bosom's dower,  
Poised on its brim, like a winged ecstasy;  
Through golden notes, like sundust, in the air,  
Where iridescent insects drone at noon,  
Eager thou plungest as their light to share,  
Listening the mystic measures they intune,  
Half bird, half flower, flame winged thou throb-  
best there,  
The passionate embodiment of June.

## V

Not in great, swollen drops that flood the ways,  
Wrung from the heavens' ungovernable woe,  
Thou fall'st, O rain, but with a tender flow  
As from o'erwhelming rapture of its days  
Thou wouldst ease June's full heart; the grass  
obeys

Thy gentle touch and murmurs soft and low  
Its sweet responses, that divinely go  
From rhythmic preludes into rhythmic lays;  
The wet-winged birds are lingering near to bear  
Thy music's pathos into some new tune,  
And breathe it out in snatches on the air,  
So to transfix it lest thou go too soon;  
And to the rose thou call'st, unfolding fair,  
"Quaff, quaff insatiate, for thou quaffest June"  
From out the purple blackness of the sky  
There sprang a writhing scorpion of flame,  
And rolling o'er the darkened hilltops came  
A sound, as if the angry gods on high  
Were driving madly in their chariots by,  
The uttermost regions of the heavens to claim;  
And all things winging, bees and birds the same,  
Sank into silence as if death were nigh;  
And then, in sheeted streams the rain broke  
through,  
And flowers were torn, and desolation spread,  
And chasms yawned, where forest pine trees  
grew,

And the bright rose of yesterday was dead;  
But while I wept the sun held court anew,  
And it was like the Ægean Sea o'erhead.

When the day broke there was no trace of sun,  
A chill, pale, clinging vapor hid the skies  
And the rain fell like tears from hopeless eyes,  
As if accepting that Earth's joys were done;  
The flowers in apathy could not be won  
To lift their heads and flaunt their flaming dyes,  
And o'er the aspens, in their leaden guise  
No protests seemed from leaf to leaf to run;  
Not once the clouds grew lighter in the west;  
Not once the vapor could its hold forget,  
The listless rain, the listless air oppressed,  
Heavy as an insoluble regret,  
And so the day went mourning forth, in quest  
Of that June sun unrisen and unset.

JULY

I

SUNRISE

THE great imperious sun breaks through the sky  
And burns a pathway as it climbs up higher,  
And on the tranced sea leaves a bridge of fire,  
And dyes the thrushes scarlet as they fly.  
The half-waked bees through the hot air go by,  
Too languid the tall lilies to aspire,  
And to the lowly large-leaved weeds retire,  
And motionless beneath their shadows lie.  
The tarnished hollyhocks more wrinkled show,  
And pansies, ailing, to the earth complain,  
And e'en nasturtiums that dare to blow  
In the sun's dominant passion droop again,  
And thou interpretest, July, the woe  
Of dreamers, whose divinest dreams are vain.

## II

## NOON

The blazing sky is with blue fires aleap,  
And the fierce sun sends down its fiercest heat  
Until the valleys 'neath it seem to beat,  
And even the burning south winds fall asleep.  
The squirrels hide in forests dim and deep,  
And from the sheep fields comes no young lambs'  
bleat ;  
And wild birds wont to sail on pinions fleet,  
Soft palpitating in their hot nests keep  
On brinks of brooks wherein no waters flow.  
The meek-eyed cattle pant beneath the trees,  
And tawny butterflies are drifting slow,  
Searching the transfixed sunshine for a breeze ;  
And flowers grow faint, and the parched grasses  
know  
Naught can July's insatiate soul appease.

## III

## SUNSET

The scarlet sunbeams slumber on the grass,  
And in the dying light the mountains shine,  
And solemn pines chant, whispering line by line  
The music of an immemorial mass.  
The birds that erewhile sang to skies of brass,  
Sink noiseless to their nests, and make no sign  
With their soft throats to break the hush divine,  
Nor even stir the corn silk as they pass.  
The sinking sun swims in a blood red glow,  
But soon, o'er brazen splendor of the sky  
A gloom of tender violet will grow,  
And fireflies through the dropping darkness fly,  
And 'neath the stars baptismal dews will flow,  
And though wilt be transfigured, O July.

## IV

## AT THE CAPE IN JULY

Up through the new mown grass earth's vivid  
heat  
Sails palpable, at the wind's lightest will,  
And o'er the meadows, yellow lilies thrill,  
Scatters the mingled perfumes, wild and sweet,  
Along the edges of the swaying wheat  
Noisy cicadas, dizzy-noted, trill;  
And in the distance, calling loud and shrill,  
Crows, sable pinioned, through the ether beat.  
The golden disks of laurel light the ways,  
And clustering stars of alders shining rise,  
The fire-souled sun sets the whole sky ablaze,  
And the great sapphire flame that 'cross it flies  
Drops to where, stretched Titanic 'neath its  
rays,  
The sea, scarce breathing, in a deep swoon lies.



The rosy swamp weeds tremble in the air  
And butterflies drift languidly around,  
And thin-vined morning glories trail the ground  
Tangled in clinging vines that hold them there;  
Long slender locust blossoms, pale and fair,  
Hang from the trees, too faintly stirred, for  
    sound,  
And flowers, in myriads, orange fringed and  
    crowned.  
Allegiance to midsummer's heat declare;  
The bees intone their murmurings o'er and o'er  
And petal canopied, half hidden lie;  
Into the sky's blue, bluer fathoms pour;  
And drowsing 'neath its splendor, dreams July;  
The sea is still a-swoon, but kissing shore,  
Its sapphire swell has slipt to sapphire sigh.

I turn from all the flowers unto the sea,  
Whose bosom holds rose blushing coral halls:  
And hear, unmuffled by their viewless walls,  
The boundless music of Infinity;  
A shell lies in my hand—because no key  
Can open way to the eternal mystery  
Of its strange murmur, though the sound en-  
thralls,  
It breaks my heart, like a far voice that calls.  
From a great universe unknown to me—  
Unfathomable, it lies glittering there,  
And all the blazing light dropt from the sky  
Upon its Titan breast I seem to share—  
Facing sublimity I half defy  
Death and despair to-day, and fain would wear  
Wings, wings, into the limitless to fly.

## AUGUST

## I

O AUGUST sun, from thine enmuffling haze  
Shake thyself free, and fling off fold on fold,  
And stay the thick-meshed vapors, striking bold  
With all the sovereignty of all thy rays,  
For soon, too soon, the yarrow by the ways  
Its virgin blushes will forget to hold,  
Nor canst thou be too prodigal of gold,  
Holding thy court in these bewildering days.  
Hasten full resplendor of thy heart to  
    bare,  
And the elusive thistle-down relight,  
That it may no more ghostly haunt the air,  
Lest summer noiseless winging steal from sight,  
While silver-shackled, thou art hidden there  
And come no more, lost in aërial flight.

## II

Stay yet awhile, O gentle August, stay;  
Ye bear away the summer's face too soon,  
Hush the wild locusts in the fields at noon,  
That on their tiny flutes but farewells play,  
And hide more niggardly thy Sun's array,  
—Remembering the golden light of June,  
And veil thy skies, and shroud thy scarlet moon  
Lest they should light thee to thy funeral day;—  
—Poor August, blotting out, with tears unshed.  
The world of flowers and the resplendent sea;  
The golden rod bends down its filmy head  
Like some sad mourner listening Death's decree,  
And thine own purple asters pale with dread,  
Knowing they weep the Summer, weep with thee.

III

Through sultry mornings shines the yellow sun,  
Thick veiled with mists, and shimmering here  
and there

Sail phantom butterflies adown the air  
To phantom flowers; the crickets have begun  
And noisy locusts sharp staccatos run  
Through fervid noons. The wild bees murmur  
low,

Searching the rose in vain, and onward go,  
By some new wayside sweetness constant won;  
Now, the blue triumphs, and from out the haze  
Mysterious and divine come forth the hills,  
Showing distinct their lofty wooded ways,  
And the whole sky with its lost azure thrills;  
August smiles fair and yet—no birds—no lays—  
Only 'neath blood-red moons—the whippoor-  
wills.

## IV

The flame-winged humming birds will come no  
more

Through the sun-dusted atmosphere to sweep,  
And gorgeous poppies in the gardens sleep  
Drugged with the lethed dews their bright cups  
bore:

The pageant of the summer bloom is o'er,  
Save that a few belated roses keep  
Their petals' fragrance, and with blushes deep  
Throb, glimmering here and there along the  
shore;

O golden-hearted roses, ye remain  
Fairer than fairest flowers that round you grow,  
Held captives by the waves' superb refrain,  
Wherein some June-harped rapture, soft and  
low,

Grown sublimate, ye recognize again,  
Part of the sea's aeolian ebb and flow.

V

I had forgotten the splendor of the sea  
Until I saw it stretching at my feet,  
Ablaze with sapphire, borne there by the heat,  
And heard it murmuring ceaselessly to me  
Tunes, silver-cadenced, fluted in the key  
Known but to south winds; so enthralling sweet  
That all the air around me seemed to beat  
With snatches of aerial melody;  
And as the sun looked down, the noon at crest,  
Swimming in light, a glory on its face,  
While the long waves seemed fainting into rest,  
I saw, as the sea melted into space,  
With the whole heavens asleep upon its breast,  
Two dazzling worlds, in a divine embrace.

## VI

Upon the green waves dashing by, to-day,  
That near and far are shining glorified,  
Borne out by passion of the wind and tide,  
A ship is sailing through the radiant spray  
That as afar its sails in sunlight play  
Seems for a moment on the heavens to ride,  
Then downward drops from view, and side by side  
With fleecy clouds, pearl-blazoned, drifts away.  
The ship drifts by—I hear thy soul, O sea,  
Revealing what forever thou hast known,  
That this reverberating mystery,  
Rolling sublimely through thine undertone,  
Thundering, imploring, rapturing to me,  
By breath of the Magnificent, is blown.



VII

The sun slips, slowly drowning, out of sight,  
And o'er the sea a flood of scarlet streams,  
Poured from the struggle of its dying beams,  
While overhead, toward a rocky height,  
A seagull, winging through the vivid light,  
Upon a distant haze of violet gleams  
That, stretching out along the horizon, seems  
Like flowering of twilight, ere its flight.  
The fiery skies melt into ashen blue;  
From off the burning waves the glory dies;  
'Bove the drowned sun a pale star pricks to view,  
The flowering twilight fades, the Ocean sighs,  
And all at once the full moon silvers through,  
And Night lies glittering with infinities.

## VIII

Great yellow suns that burn through yellow haze  
And shine upon the grasses filmed with white,  
Through the tear-woven webs ye send your light  
And set the trailing gossamer ablaze.  
Ye gild the foxglove with your glittering rays,  
And rouse the wild bees from their languid flight  
Until they seek to scale your dizzy height,  
Murmuring divinely to the dazzling days!  
Shine on, for undulating butterflies  
The purple of the clematis still hail,  
Unconscious that with locusts' sharp-voiced cries  
The gorgeous color of the flowers will pale;  
Shine on, that reckless 'neath the summer's eyes  
The butterflies, unconscious still may sail.

IX

Oh, snow-white honeysuckles hush, ye blow  
Upon your million trumpets a wild tune,  
Sadder than that the roses breathed to June;  
And out beyond the sands where sea pinks grow  
The ocean listens. Hush, for ah! ye know  
The blushing spirea stabs the August noon,  
And mullein tapers flare beneath its moon;  
Or if ye needs must trumpet, trumpet low;  
I hear insistent, 'bove the ocean's call,  
'Bove songs of birds that linger on their way,  
The notes that mystically rise and fall,  
Borne from the illusive chorus ye essay,  
And dream, in soft lament, as o'er a pall—  
It is the summer's "dead march" that ye play.

## X

## AN AUGUST LOVE SONG

Dear heart, the summer rose has long since died;  
And swept like shadowy phantoms through the  
air.

The swallows have sought summer elsewhere,  
And thrushes' songs are stayed; but in a tide  
From out the solitudes wherein they glide  
Come plaints of whippoorwills. O sweet, O fair,  
Couldst not from god's, Demeter's power en-  
snare,

And stay Time's course and bid the summer bide?  
Nay, have no fear, it cannot wholly go;  
Though swallows flock and fly—for lingering  
yet

The soul of summer still is ours, who know  
Despite the sad-voiced whippoorwills' regret,  
Despite the vanished rose and singing, lo!  
It will be mid the eternal summers set.

## XI

## AT THE CAPE IN AUGUST

The glad high noon of summer has gone by,  
And thou hast come, pale August, lit with glow  
Of the white bloom adrift of elderblow  
And moon-rayed thistle disks, that moons outvie;  
The orioles still through golden sunshine fly  
But—sing to thee no more, and mad, wild flow,  
That set the sea to bugling, has ebbed low  
To deep-drawn breath of a transcendent sigh;  
With blushes of the pinks the wet sands thrill  
And the swamp honeysuckles, line on line  
From out their slender cups the night dews spill;  
And thou art steeped in beauty so divine,  
So all entrancing, that had I my will  
Thou shouldst drink deep of some immortal wine.

Sweet, captive day, haste, and thy fetters break :  
The silken meshes that entangle thee  
Are woven so thin, that I can almost see  
The golden sun its glittering tresses shake  
Adown the eastern sky, but strong winds take  
Thy gossamer shroud, and at the sea's decree  
Wind it more closely lest thou struggle free ;  
Haste ! wilt as prisoner let the noon o'ertake ?  
Not so, not so—thou hast escaped—behold,  
Thou hast usurped the blue, the heavens ridden  
o'er,  
Outstripped the East wind and the clouds un-  
rolled,  
Wrung from the salt-breathed sea the film it  
wore,  
Gauged the sun's eminence, proven its gold  
And given to August one divine day more.

Caverned in blue, thou holdest in thy breast  
Creation's mysteries, as thou liest there,  
O tranquil sea, and borne upon the air  
Comes murmurous music, as if waked from rest  
The ageless sirens into singing prest  
Were, of the splendor of thy smile aware:  
Nay, I can almost see their streaming hair  
Caught in the sunshine, of its sight, in quest.  
Like a great sapphire, in the horizon set  
Thou seemest, by the Eternal worn, as seal;  
And standing on the shore, mine eyes are wet,  
Not with thy spray, but with my soul's appeal  
That thou who hast worn continents, with fret,  
Wilt secret of this marvelous calm reveal.

## SEPTEMBER

## I

## SEPTEMBER

In spring I said: "For thee, O fair, more fair  
Than all the other seasons, lit with shine  
Of the baptismal lilies, more divine  
Than even the summer, let my soul prepare;  
And I went forth and quaffed the mystic air  
And felt the spring run through my veins like  
wine,

Then summer came; and summer so was mine  
That all I dreamed, I felt its breath declare:  
Now, golden-veiled usurper though thou art,  
Matchless September, unto thee I turn  
And measure every beat of thy full heart—  
Taught by the season's dead—and toward thee  
yearn,

Whose blood is blood of three, as toward a part  
Of earth's great song whose notes I fain would  
learn.



II

SEPTEMBER SUN FLOWERS

Great gaudy clocks that tell the summer's o'er,  
Blazoning the knowledge forth, we fain would  
shun;

Eastward ye turn, as challenging the sun,  
Whose golden fires insatiate ye implore:  
The slender humming birds dart by no more;  
And filmy, fleecy webs, by night dews spun,  
As if to veil your faces, one by one  
Ye fling aside and flaunt out as before.  
Beneath the western breezes like a tide  
Ye proudly glittering sway, as thus to show  
New claim to homage, now the rose has died;  
But high above you, bold cicadas blow  
Their sharp, shrill warnings, as to trumpet wide  
The brazen Autumn lurks beneath your glow.

## III

## AUTUMN

The voice of June still haunts the silver streams,  
And yet, O wanton Autumn, June is dead,  
Nor all thy wiles can change the sumach's red  
Into the glory of the sweetbrier's gleams;  
But subtle ecstasy of Summer seems  
As if it lingered in the skies o'erhead,  
The while thou mock'st at sign of swallows fled,  
And smil'st, though hushed the thrushes' sunset  
dreams.—

To tuneless monotones thou mak'st consent—  
And to the spectral butterflies that go,  
As if with searching for the lilies spent,  
Sighing above the asters zoned with woe,  
Yet, haughty-souled, thou wear'st without lament,  
The funeral flowers that thine own grave bestrow.

IV

Divine September, wert not so divine,  
I should reproach thee that thou dar'st to reign  
Where summer once held place; but o'er the  
    plain,  
That stretches outward to the horizon line,  
Like endless seas whose billows dazzling shine,  
I see the sun-anointed fields of grain,  
And breathe, upon the warm air borne again,  
The subtle perfumes of the fir and pine.—  
Thou art so like the summer, thou couldst cheat  
The earth itself, the likeness to mistake,  
For fanning by the yellow plumes of wheat  
And gorgeous hovering o'er the illumined brake  
The velvet butterflies in drowse of heat  
Are lingering, not for thee, but summer's sake.

## V

The vagrant winds are blowing o'er the plain,  
Warm as in summer; and the thick fogs lift  
From off the morning's face, and outward drift  
In sheeny billows o'er the fields of grain.  
The fireweed and chickory bloom again,  
And golden sunbeams that through pine trees  
sift

Seem writing as they palpitate and shift,  
Illumined notes of a divine refrain.—  
The skies, more azure even than in June,  
Are quick with splendor, and night after night  
From the dead heart of August comes the moon,  
Imperial mourner, with its tragic light,  
The legacy of summer that, too soon,  
With all this pageantry will fade from sight.

VI

The falling hemlock-needles pierce the haze  
And strike the ferns that still unshrunk'n remain;  
And the tall sunflowers hold aloft again  
Their streaming banners through the amber days;  
The thistles' cobweb'd stars with silvery rays  
Along the waysides hold their glittering reign;  
And signaling heat, in a discordant strain,  
A sun-lured locust, piping shrilly, plays;  
Late dandelions deck the mountain side,  
And the blue asters in the shadows lie;  
But from the birds that through the forests glide  
There comes no sound of singing as they fly,  
Only through waves of silence swept aside  
A breath of music like a long-drawn sigh.

## VII

Summer that lingerest as beneath a spell,  
Tranced in the cloudless azure of the skies,  
The first fleet swallow that outgoing flies  
Writes on the air it wings through thy farewell:  
Thou canst not with thy sweetest wiles dispel,  
Or tender pathos of thy sun's disguise,  
Nor canst with all thy loveliness surprise  
The June birds back, their ecstasies to tell—  
Yet why, transcendent Summer, shouldst thou  
go?

The gauzy morning-glories linger still;  
The gold nasturtiums, golden-hearted, blow;  
The blood-red poppies burn upon the hill;  
Thou, through whose veins the unslackened currents flow,  
Why should Death claim thee at his sullen will?

VIII

Nature is but the Eternal's countersign,  
Inexorably given—and like a dream  
Thou wentest with thy yellow hair astream  
Floating resplendent past the sunset line;  
And flowers thou bor'st that I had held as mine,  
Left me bereaved anew; yet so supreme  
Rapture their beauty gave, it left a gleam  
To which I constant turn, as to a shrine—  
Nor radiant as thou wert shall I repine,  
Others as radiant have been borne along,  
In which I learned, silent 'neath bloom and shine,  
Silence may be diviner even than song;  
And am content, who quaffed thy goldenest wine,  
That matchless, thou shouldst join that match-  
less throng.

## IX

Summer, dear Summer, with thine airy grace  
And soft enchantments, though we thought thee  
    flown,  
Thou hast come back on sunlit pinions, blown  
By southern breezes to thine olden place;  
Thou holdst the mist-crowned hills in thine embrace,  
With a majestic passion all thine own,  
Till on thy bosom, amber burnished grown  
The dazzling necklace worn in June we trace.—  
Oh, Summer, unforgotten and divine,  
In tender glory of these passing days  
We see thine azure eyes pathetic shine  
Like those of one who journeying homeward,  
    stays  
Waiting amid the silence for some sign  
Of the old music, that made glad the ways.



## X

## FAREWELL TO SUMMER

Go, Summer, in thy matchless beauty, go.  
Thou wouldst be desolate if thou shouldst stay,  
For birds that sang to thee, have flown away,  
And roses on thy breast died long ago.  
Nor can the sunflowers, with their gaudy glow,  
Tempt to remain, for howso in array  
They supplicate, as toward the sun they sway,  
That they will make thy funeral train, they  
know.—

No more, with thine elysian message sent,  
Will thy melodious footsteps wander by;  
And ocean, with its near waves, makes lament,  
And winds through pallid bloom of alders sigh,  
Thou art so beautiful—go, be content  
Who didst bear roses, like the rose to die.

## XI

## ON THE CLIFF

It is the time when hollyhocks bloom, that hold  
Their gorgeous cups outstretched to catch the  
dew ;

And velvet hearts of the nasturtiums woo  
The splendid topaz fires of suns untold ;  
When by the river, calm and cool, unfold  
The lilies one by one, and bees pursue  
The primrose perfumes, flaunting forth to view,  
In dazzle of the noons, their chains of gold—  
The pale pink blossoms of the locusts lie  
Unblown by winds as carven in the air,  
And a faint film of heat o'erspreads the sky  
As if the soul of August hovered there ;  
And in a sapphire drowse the ocean nigh  
Hushes itself to slumber unaware.

XII

I watched the amber sun sink noiselessly,  
And drown in amber billows of the west;  
And the great crescent moon sail forth in quest  
Of a new height to sentinel the sea.  
From out its silver heart the light broke free  
And dropped in splendor on its tide-rocked  
    breast,  
And every rose upon the cliff's broad crest  
Grew into bridal white, at its decree—  
Across the shore-kissed waves its soft beams fell,  
And, as from soul of a great violin swept,  
An agony of music seemed to swell  
As if the sea, like a blanched mourner, kept  
Divinely murmuring a divine farewell  
Above the cave where the dead Triton slept.

## XIII

And lo, unbidden, to the September days  
Thou hast bequeathed thine own exceeding glow  
Silvering the white-shelled shore; and winds that  
    blow

And fan the flame-torched cliffland into blaze:  
Over the heavens a silken tissued haze  
Wrapt round the sun, as if, untangling slow,  
Is torn to fleeces that upsailing go,  
And vanish in the splendor of its rays—  
Myriads of wayside flowers spring and here and  
    there,

Pilfering a lingering rose, a stealthy bee  
And locusts trumpeting throughout the air  
Approach of noon, and the great turquoise sea  
That murmuring on its way in soft despair  
Breaks to lamenting as for thee—for thee.

## XIV

Daily the hidden unforgetting morn,  
Has flung from East to West a silver haze;  
Daily the sun with its defiant rays  
Into a thousand threads Her film has torn;  
And in the triumph of its golden scorn  
September with full ecstasy ablaze  
Has daily spilled upon the flower-lit ways  
Rapture transcendent, as if heavenly born.—  
Oh, matchless one, how can I else but sigh,  
Knowing that with thy beauty, still a gleam,  
Thou wilt be roused, nor can the call deny,  
From the divineness of thy perfect dream;  
And I shall see thee in some sunset sky,  
Drift silent outward on its shining stream.

## XV

White moon onlooking as the sun sank low  
And weltering in its own effulgence, died  
Like an evangel to the light allied  
Climbing the opal East I saw thee go:  
Beneath, silvering the ocean in its flow  
I saw thy radiance tangled in the tide  
On its immeasurable bosom ride  
And mingle with the sun's last burning glow.—  
Divine pale moon! I, plunged, in Life's regret  
Confronted thee, who hadst no pang to bear,  
Who unlamenting saw the great sun set,  
And still climbed on, serene, and calm, and fair,  
And wondered when defeat thou shouldst have  
    met  
If even, heaven-held, thou wouldst not learn de-  
    spair.

## XVI

## A SEPTEMBER IDYL

I looked up to the dominant heavens, and saw  
From the sun's smoldering fire; an amber smoke  
That lit the swarthy purple of the East  
And sent the clustering clouds to burnished gold,  
Like petals of a new-blown daffodil:  
And I was sent to silent worshipping,  
While from the naked bosom of the sea  
Came murmurous music that the morning's breath  
Was disentangling from the pulsing waves  
And that, ærial wafted, rose and fell,  
Filling the yellow silence like a flame,  
Until with fainting of the tide, it swooned  
And then, in pallor of the sunrise died;  
And where no longer bloomed the daffodil  
    Bloomed the white rose of day.

Again I looked up to the dominant heavens  
And saw an arch magnificently blue,  
Brooding majestic o'er the Universe,  
That stretched out, so immeasurably fair .  
It seemed for footstool of Jehovah fit:  
So fair, the splendor that its bosom hid  
Seemed blazing through—so fair that once again  
I fell to worshipping, while down the noon,  
Bright as if stars had found their way to wings,  
Came the September, sun-winged, butterflies

Drifting to shrunken flowers:—There was no  
sound

But the faint flutter of a bird or leaf  
To break the spell, and even the sea itself,  
That lay like a great crystal in the light,  
Sent forth no voice, but noiseless kissed the sky:—  
The sky of which my soul more conscious grew,  
Accepting it as first and last and whole—  
That compassed all and held the key to all  
Until I almost felt there was no world—  
Nothing but its sublime supremacy,  
Nothing but bared heart of Infinity:  
And I was lifted up, like one who dreamed,  
To something that I could not understand,  
Something invisible, that held me tranced,  
That in the visible was palpitant;  
Till while still tranced, behold I came to know  
What I was worshiping was not the sky  
But the Ineffable.



OCTOBER

I

FROM A MILTON WINDOW IN OCTOBER

THE sumachs burn their funeral pyres, to-day,  
Above the graves, where unforgotten sleep  
The Summer lilies Summer could not keep  
And sky-kissed hyacinths beloved of May;  
And the closed gentians blooming by the way,  
Hidden in sylvan shadows dim and deep,  
With dewy eyes for Autumn's trickeries weep,  
Blazoning its gaudy tints to hide decay—  
The glittering ripples chase the glittering rills  
And from its amber heights, adown the air,  
The reckless sun its reckless splendor spills  
As if bold usurer, making April fair,  
It had kept gold of all its daffodils  
In Autumn's spendthrift rioting to share.

In ecstasy of silence, as with sight  
Of its own plenitude, stretched east and west,  
The earth lies, in its gorgeous drapery drest,  
Laden with fruitage, palpitant with light.  
Even the bees are noiseless in their flight,  
Drunken with honeyed wine from wild grapes  
    pressed,  
And azure leaning, in a swoon of rest,  
The hills are outlined on the azure height;  
Unstirred by any breath of wind that blows  
The clouds like snowy doves, soft flocking pass  
And 'gainst the brilliant leaves the sunshine  
    shows  
In double measure as it lights the grass,  
And aisle on aisle, 'neath the arched tree-tops,  
    glows  
Like a heaven-lit cathedral decked for mass.

A

Impetuous river that flow'st singing by,  
Thy foaming waters iridescent shine  
As if where dazzling Summer set its sign  
The glory lingered, Autumn to defy;  
I have seen lilies on thy wave-crests lie  
And swallows sail above thee, line on line,  
And white moons grow to fullness, and then pine  
And winter snowflakes whirling round thee fly.  
Still fair as in the past, I turn mine eyes  
Lured past the hills and valley lands, to thee  
Who matchless bearest out, the matchless skies  
Inviolate on thy bosom, to the sea,  
And feel again the eternal charm that lies  
In thine eternal rhythm'd minstrelsy.

## II

## ONE OCTOBER DAY

The dazzling-hearted sun has kissed away  
The filmy mists that blushed at early morn,  
And a faint fragrance, as of Summer born,  
Sweeps on the southwest wind across the bay.  
The gorgeous foliage, as to cheat the day,  
Flames in the gardens, of their blossoms shorn,  
And on the bosom of the noon is worn  
A silver shadow, like the moon astray;  
O beautiful October, radiant crowned,  
Glittering with amber lights that make thee fair,  
Above thy harvest flutes, there comes a sound  
As if stark Azrael, hovering in the air,  
Dropped heavy tears upon the dew-drenched  
ground,  
Waiting from hence, thy golden soul to bear.

And oh, what matters it how bright the sun  
Or how divinely fair, the day may be?  
There is a shadow constantly, I see  
A dark eclipse, as if the day were done;  
The birds have drifted southward, one by one,  
And the unpitying hills look down on me  
Lifting their veils of azure mystery,  
Lit by the sunset fires, I fain would shun;  
I cannot quaff, I am so poor a thing,  
Thy beauty, O October, as of old,  
Or grow again intoxicate with Spring,  
Or the illusive heart of Summer hold,  
For even on brightest pageants thou canst bring  
Of flowers, or forests, there is hint of mold.

## III

## TWO MOODS

The earth once more has grown articulate,  
And opening petals of the wild flowers bear  
Divinest intimations through the air  
Of music only Springtime can translate:  
The sky down-laden with its hyacinth freight,  
Bends yearning o'er the hills, and leaning there,  
Dreams of the violets that shy and fair  
For the warm April sunshine lie in wait:  
White doves with dawn-flushed bosoms fluttering  
    rise  
Marking their way in iridescent line,  
And yet, with all thy wiles, I recognize,  
O wanton Spring, between thy heart and mine  
Such an impenetrable shadow lies,  
I hail thee not, who once hailed thee divine.

Haunt me no longer, Phantom of the Past.  
Thou com'st to me to-day in shining guise  
Of sun-crowned Spring, that with thine April  
eyes

Bring'st me remembrance, tears, and longings  
vast.

I bid thee go, and yet I hold thee fast,  
So fair thou art, for flung across thy skies  
Morn after morn, a banner streaming flies  
As if from Heaven a signal had been cast;  
Haunt with regrets no more, O flute-voiced  
Spring,

But as with message from the East, proclaim  
With revelation of each growing thing  
Earth has beatitudes Death's power to shame—  
Why should I shrink thy presence, who canst  
bring

From out their graves the daffodils to flame?

## IV

## TWO OCTOBER DAYS

The sun-drenched flowers are glittering on thy  
breast,

O wonderful October ! and upflare  
Like lighted torches that illumine the air,  
And spread their blazing gold-fires east and west.  
The skies o'erwhelmed with blue throb manifest ;  
And flocked like gulls with pinions snowy fair  
The clouds sail outward toward the horizon,  
where

Hushed on the deep magnificence they rest ;  
The forests, like colossal gardens, shine,  
And the tall sumachs, vivid blushing sway,  
And a bewildered bee, half drunken with wine,  
Drops from his purple cup, and steals away ;  
And the day drifts, resplendent and divine,  
Too beautiful to go, too bright to stay.



The warm, transparent air is still astir  
With a few gauzy butterflies, that sail  
Above the asters, growing purple pale,  
And the low azure studded juniper.  
The grapes are covered with a sunblown blur,  
Clustering with nectar brimmed, on vines that  
    trail,  
And partridges are drumming 'cross the vale,  
Drowning with noisy beats their pinions' whirl—  
The tansy's yellow plumes are nodding low,  
And as with summer drugged, shrunken and old;  
Disheveled dandelions that by waysides grow,  
Unsheath again their flashing blades of gold,  
And borne from leaf to leaf the shadows go  
Trembling, as prescient of some grief untold.

## V

## AN OCTOBER IDYL

I looked up to-day and saw in the heavens  
Through the floor where the cherubim tread  
The shine of their feet as downward it beat  
To the shine of the clouds overhead.

And the sun as it throbbed with its scintillant  
gold,  
And the noon in its zenith of power  
As it sprang forth new born from the bosom of  
Morn,  
Sent the world into bloom, like a flower.

And the wind o'er the hills and the wind o'er the  
vales,  
As it met in the silence supreme,  
Woke strain after strain, like the golden refrain  
Of a rhapsody set to a dream.

And I said, I have seen, I have seen, and I know.  
In the Universe, glory alight:  
Lies the infinite whole of the infinite soul  
Of a Universe hidden from sight.

And the tears that I wept were like floods in the  
Spring

That the south winds of April create,  
And I said, I have seen what is lying between  
The Earth and the Heaven that I wait.

## NOVEMBER

## I

## NOVEMBER SUNRISE AT THE SEA

THE horizon line is glimmering dusky red,  
And the pale filmy sun, awakens from sleep,  
And strong winds blown across the marshes keep  
The bushes cowed, as with a trampling tread;  
The flowers that erewhile lit the ways are dead;  
And the gray earth, far as the eye can sweep,  
Ragged, and torn, and sodden, seems asleep  
With the chill, pallid damps, of pallid dread;—  
The sea's green waves break foaming on the  
    shore,  
And wild birds flapping overhead, go by,  
And, roused from couch of mullein down, to soar,  
One last, gold, sky-beribboned butterfly,  
Unknowing that its gaudy reign is o'er,  
Like a winged fleur-de-lis, sails forth to die.

II

Wrapt in mysterious light thou dreamest dreams  
O sad November, and for short, sweet space  
Stay'st thine advance and with resplendent grace  
Each hectic leaf sends forth bewildering gleams,  
And glory runs from mountain tops in streams.  
And held fast locked in a supreme embrace  
Summer looks down with its divinest face  
As if too pitying, to withdraw its beams—  
Dream on, November! Thou, too, soon wilt  
wake  
To disenchantment and to ruin bleak;  
Masking in guise of June, thou canst not make  
The June's soul thine, for thou wert born to reek  
In mists of desolation; nor canst break  
From curse of doom, though all the gods should  
speak.

## III

Grim sullen clouds that melancholy ride,  
Prescient of storm, across the chill gray sky,  
Ye hover low, as sunlight to defy  
And the dead Summer's phantom to deride;  
The leaves have blown from forest ways aside,  
And in the naked hollows, torn-veined, lie,  
And o'er the stricken earth, the North winds sigh  
For the glad-hearted flowers that long since  
died—

Darker and still more threatening ye grow  
Heavy with unshed tears, till spent with pain  
From the blanched heavens ye pour your utter  
woe

In a wild turbulence of hopeless ruin.  
And Autumn stripped of pomp, is beaten low,  
The glory of its pageant all in vain.

IV

THREE DAYS IN NOVEMBER

The leaves have fallen, and the fitful light  
Wavers above them from the spectral sun,  
And o'er the skies, thin blue, half threatening  
run

The clouds that darken in their northward flight;  
Beneath the vines as if resisting blight,  
That into tangles by the winds are spun,  
The yellowing of the grasses has begun—  
Touched by the morning frost-webs silvery white.  
The widowed Earth in loneliness supreme  
Enshrouds herself in a thick veil of woe,  
And robed in sackcloth, in a frozen dream,  
Sees, one by one, her fairest treasures go;  
Hearing no more the song of bird or stream,  
Only the funeral dirges, wild winds blow.

The rain is dropping from the ashen skies  
Dull tears that Autumn weeps with dull dismay,  
And the disheveled hills are drowned in gray,  
And a thick fog impenetrable lies  
Over the sullen sea that, hidden, sighs;  
The ground is sodden and dead leaves obey  
The pools' insistence and are borne away,  
And on their murky bosoms matted rise.  
The Earth with hopeless misery seems spent,  
As if its soul held place in some dead zone  
Where supplications for escape were pent,  
As if, with its own weeping it had grown  
So numb with pain, that were the Sun's face sent  
Not even the resurrection would atone.



The sun is golden struggling through the mist,  
And o'er the Heavens great flecks of blue are  
spread,

And the long line of sea from its pale bed  
Into pathetic splendor has been kissed;  
The recovered hills are crowned with amethyst,  
And the trees' naked branches that have shed  
Their sprays of rainbows in the light blush red  
And lure the sparrows to a noonday tryst.  
The scented air, blown from the South, sweeps  
by

As if from Summer, and the oak leaves glow  
In the moist pathways as they sunlit lie  
As if death were not death; and rousing slow  
The fractious Earth forgets awhile to sigh  
And smiles, as smiles the dying, glad to go.

## V

As to cheat back the glory that once crowned,  
The sunlight of this transient summer falls,  
Illumining the vines that cling the walls,  
And trail their tangled crimson on the ground:  
The warm south winds are blowing softly round,  
And a half-wakened bee, 'chance that recalls  
The vision of some rose that still enthralls,  
Goes noiseless searching for the rose unfound.  
Tender, mysterious, from the mist unwon,  
We seek to trace the distant hills, in vain;  
But the whole sky scaping, it has put on  
Divinest blue of its divinest reign;  
And we might dream June sunlight had not gone  
If but the rose, the rose, would bloom again.

VI

The gold of early autumn tarnished lies,  
And the deep gloom of the November days  
Hangs o'er the watery sun in heavy haze,  
That struggle of its flickering light defies.  
The forest pine-trees breathe despairing sighs,  
And fleet hawks scream above sequestered ways,  
And in a matted heap where moisture stays  
Great flecks of brown, the once bright leaves disguise.—

Upon the barren hills and barren plain  
The ragged stalks, no lingering flowers display,  
And echoes of the sea's eternal pain  
From the near shore are rolling on their way;  
And earth's heart breaks, knowing it would be  
vain  
Howso it wept, the hand of death to stay.

## VII

## TO A NOVEMBER ROSE

Pale rose, that in the pale November grew,  
Coming when earth's sweet fever that ran high,  
And burned itself to wild flowers, had gone by,  
As if the summer's farewell pierced thee through,  
Behold, in soft lament thou wearest hue  
Of the wan moon that vexed thine autumn sky  
That haply, with its wasted light, drew nigh,  
And shivering, kissed thee while the night winds  
blew.—

I watch thy half-closed petals as they part,  
White as some mourner that despair defies,  
Looking toward heaven though with a breaking  
heart.—

Why stoop'st to smile, why mockest with dis-  
guise?

Pale sorcerer, I know thee as thou art,  
The phantom of a red rose blanched with sighs.

VIII

MOONLIGHT

The lambs are hushed from bleating in the fold,  
And the long twilight has shut in the day,  
And silver-shod, the moon goes on its way  
Dropping its slender arrows pure and cold;  
The naked earth, whose radiant robes grown old,  
Autumn has rent, in skeleton array,  
Shudders, while branches of the bare trees slay  
The filmy light, too colorless to hold.  
Go, sad-faced moon. Thou dost but add to woe  
A woe more absolute: Take thy wan light  
From wan November, lest it piteous show,  
Its utter desolation and its blight;  
If fickle, thou canst not transfigure—go  
And drown thyself, in constancy of Night.

## DECEMBER

## SUNRISE AT CHOCORUA

IN the vast cradle of the firmament  
Thou liest, oh snow crowned one, white 'bove thy  
    head  
The morning star that throbs from gold to red  
Yearns down to thee, with sway magnificent:  
So all inviolate is thy content  
I watch, and lo! the lights that have been sped  
From out the East, and o'er thee arching spread,  
Seem summoning thee to heavenly sacrament:—  
Begotten of chaos, hurled from depths unknown  
To thy majestic place, 'neath fires that climb,  
And flush thy forehead, by the Eternal blown,  
Thou seemst from sound and dreamless sleep of  
    Time,  
While the great sun has to full splendor grown,  
Half stirred to wakening, with a smile sublime.

DECEMBER AT THE HEADLANDS

The North wind blows the light snow 'cross the  
shore

And whirls it feathery out, wild winged and free  
Into the iridescence of the sea,

And on the sky, like a song's matchless score,  
The headlands sculptured lie, while o'er and o'er  
Dashing against their stone fronts riotously,

As at some Triton's, bugle-blown, decree,  
Great tides of jeweled waters, rush and roar;—

The silent earth enclad in filmy white,

Lies as if dead; and yet adown the air,

Because the sun, mightier than ocean's might,

Will some day kiss its snow-wrapt bosom bare,

Despite the shroud, despite the flowers in  
blight,—

We know, we know the Spring lies embryoed  
there.





**BOOK VII**  
**MISCELLANEOUS**



## BLUE BELLS

BRIGHT blue bells, clustering in the olden way  
In the same garden where in days divine  
Ye seemed like goblets filled with dewy wine  
For butterflies athirst, I sigh to-day,  
While on your slender stems you softly sway,  
That when they touch you now with wings  
ashine

I hear no more—how-so, mine ears incline,  
The wild, sweet jubilant chimes ye used to  
play;—

—Yet as I watch your veins' transparency.  
Something of the old glamour haunts me still;  
Ye seem again, warm nurslings of the sky,  
And as, sun kissed, ye drink your azure fill,  
Almost I might believe that from on high  
Ye could bring back a message, at your will.

## A LINE OF SUNFLOWERS

LOVERS, enamored lovers of the day,  
Ye have outshaken your petals on the air  
Till like great suns unorbited, ye flare  
And through the filmy fleeces burn your way;  
The hollyhocks their blushing tributes pay  
And from their hearts, bees, noon assembled,  
    bear  
Mysterious messages, the while ye share  
The secrets of the winds that round ye play;  
Along the line ye blaze, like gold fires set,  
To make the yellow sunshine seem more bright,  
And chance, charm back the rose and violet,  
And yet, with all your sorceries alight  
Ye cannot stay the whippoorwills' regret  
Or lure divine-voiced thrushes from their flight.

## UNTO MY SOUL

UNTO my Soul, I said, "Thou hast drunk deep  
Of life's red wine, why art thou not content?  
Thou hast sailed space, and to the desert lent  
A desolation vaster than its sweep;  
Thou hast seen starlight scarlet flowering, leap  
Into divinest music flaming sent,  
And wept above the ashes white and spent  
Of visions fled, too heavenly fair to keep.  
Insatiate Soul, all things that thou hast known  
Are part of thee—the early joy of Spring.  
The vast despairs, the starlight scarlet blown  
And even the songs thou dream'dst, but couldst  
not sing:  
How be content, with yesterdays outgrown?  
How be content who, untamed, higher wouldst  
wing?"

## MUSIC

O Music, child of that endazzling sphere,  
Unarched and unhorized, on thy wings  
Ethereal spread, thou liftest me past rings  
Of the orchestral planets, until near  
The veiled immeasurable, almost I hear,  
The rippling of the splendid light that springs  
From crown to crown, and o'er thy forehead  
flings

The streaming rainbows that thereon appear.—  
Soul of the new-born Spring's antiphony  
And of the deeps that call, beyond the line  
That is invisible, twixt land and sea,  
Past purple edge of earth, into the shrine  
Of the ineffable, thou liftest me  
Through zone on zone, up to the all divine.

TO HOLLYHOCKS

GORGEOUS magicians, flaming here and there,  
The streaming fires that on your bosoms glow,  
Ye come too late, the silver tunes to know  
That lilies trumpet through the Summer air  
Or clustering bluebells chime; but brazen flare,  
Through smoky yellow heats, while to and fro  
Through the enmuffling August sunshine go  
Great butterflies, that shadowy banners bear;  
Your silken petals that full opened show  
In mimic folds, as channels for the dew.  
Wherefore so strange enfashioned, none may  
    know  
Nor can we from the universe gain clew  
If it was some vast dread or some wild woe  
With which ye were enwrinkled as ye blew.

## SUMMER IN A CITY

WILD flowers in distant dells are calling me  
And the great sun is pointing outward, where,  
Cleared from the smoky film of city's air,  
It will flood honeysuckles by the sea;  
I follow it and know it will kiss free  
From the sheathed orchids, rose fires, flaming  
    there,  
And that above each flower that 'scapes its snare  
Will drift entranced a golden girted bee;  
Across the level sands, grown doubly sweet,  
Will come the clover scent from new mown grass,  
And should I eastward turn, mine eyes would  
    meet  
The vine-clad glory of a wild morass,  
And if turned westward, flaming at my feet  
Great cups, held high, lest I unseeing pass.



Still, still I hear them, from fields daisy-crowned,  
From brooksides, meadows and the marshy ways,  
And know how the thin, summer heated haze  
Will, purple raptured, hover o'er the ground;  
How to the blue heavens by a blue line bound  
The outstretched sea, with sunshine all ablaze,  
Will lie, like an embosomed chrysoprase,  
While murmurous silence faints from murmur-  
ous sound.

Why lingerest thou, my soul? If thou wouldst  
keep

Thine earlier daring, thou must dwell in sight  
Of the sublime, immeasurable deep,  
And bathe thyself in the translucent light  
Of salt breathed days; and learn from seagull's  
flight,  
Breasting the ether, how the immense to sweep.

Still, still, and still again they call to me,  
Down from the mountain peaks where wild winds  
    blow,  
And gentians on their breast toss to and fro;  
And where sweep eagles mighty winged and free,  
The heated pavements burn my feet. I see  
Humanity in swarms that wearied go,  
Crowding the alleys in a listless flow,  
Dreaming of flower fields, where they fain would  
    be;  
I shut mine eyes: the city fades away,  
Its noise is changed to measures that enthrall;  
I see the clover nod, the sea's white spray,  
And down the mountain leaps a waterfall;  
Oh, soul, why shouldst with even the seagulls  
    stay,  
When from the sun's great heart the eagles call?

## AT THE SEA

I look up at the sky,  
So blue, and so immeasurably high,  
So passionately blue and all divine,  
And hear the swish of waters at my feet,  
Of waves borne onward from the horizon line,  
That their Eternal Litanies repeat,  
And then with sighs like those of violins; retreat

I know not where.

And summer seems so luminously fair  
My soul sails, like a seagull through the air,  
And riots with the tides:  
And stringed like an ethereal lyre,  
The morning sunshine glides  
From wave to wave, and crowns the sea with fire:  
I plunge in it, and feel  
The golden splendor racing through my veins  
And grow intoxicate with desire  
To reach the Limitless Unseen,  
And catch the glitter and the sheen  
Of that o'erwhelming light  
That floods the Infinite  
With nought between.

My soul forgets its clanking chains:  
I see the clouds like chariots roll by;  
And mount and mount and wheel:  
I reach them, pass them and then pass the sky  
And with my soul's wings, still outspread  
The universe defy.

I sail on, till the moon is nigh  
And all the gold fires die:  
The sea grows calm, and the whole sky  
Like a great sapphire seems therein to lie.  
Once more I plunge, and know  
Who breast the line where sky and sea are one,  
It is the heart of Heaven I hear in oceans' flow:  
The other beckons upward, and I go  
    And sail up toward the sun  
That seems to flash and flame and flare  
As of Jehovah's breath aware,  
Whose ecstasy I fain would share  
Whose ecstasy I fain would dare:—  
I dare it—pass it, and then pass the sky  
    And fly and fly and fly  
Into the limitless for which I sigh  
And with my soul's wings still outspread  
    The universe defy.

AT THE RIVER

AGAIN adown the cliff the south winds blow  
And kiss the drowsy poppies into flame;  
And the blue river winding on the same  
Is singing as it ripples soft and low:  
The lazy bees that through the sunshine go  
For purple shelter of the clover aim  
And pilgrim butterflies their gold shrines claim  
Of wide-oped roses that by wayside grow;  
All is unchanged; the sapphire of the sky,  
The river's limpid flow, the daisies' swing,  
The dew-crowned grass, the swallows sailing by,  
And sense of music, summer seems to bring  
As if it, silver-fluted, sigh on sigh  
Of its own rapture, like some living thing.

## ON THE CLIFF

## I

I stood upon the cliff where wild flowers grew,  
And countless perfumes filled the summer air,  
And butterflies were floating here and there;  
And at my feet outstretched, divinely blue,  
The ocean lay; An oriole up flew  
The blazing sapphire of the heavens to dare,  
And 'cross the channeled sky the clouds sailed  
fair,  
And the great sun towards its zenith drew.  
O earth so palpitate with mystery!  
O birds and flowers and flaming butterflies,  
Can ye interpret heart of June to me?  
Ye make no answer, but a voice replies,  
Wrung from the mighty travailing of the sea  
In whose vast undertone the eternal lies.

II

The travailing died to murmurs:—hill peaks  
gleamed—

The blossoms of a larch, shone silvery white;  
The day was swooning with too full delight  
And o'er its breast, a liquid glory streamed.—  
No ripple stirred the grass—The clover seemed  
With purple drugged, and the whole cliff in sighs  
Lay, golden drowsing 'neath the sun, at height;  
And earth and air and sky and ocean dreamed.  
I watched, as tide-swept, by the matchless glow  
Silence, in undulations rise and fall,  
And through the atmosphere, incarnate go,  
With soundless ecstasy enflooding all,  
And more entranced, than listening music's flow,  
Was breathless held, in its consummate thrall.

## III

Across the sea illimitably blue,  
Where the white ships went silent sailing by,  
I bade my soul on eager pinions fly  
And to its everlasting moan, find clew.  
I heard, up from its caves, the tides sweep  
    through,  
And a lone seagull in the distance cry,  
And every wave breathed a despairing sigh,  
As if the heart of ocean broke anew.  
O sea, upon thine other far-off shore,  
Thine other shore, for which I needs must pine,  
My soul will rest, and supplicate no more;  
And out beyond this agony of thine,  
Beyond the ships, with mystic freights they bore,  
Reach the gold lights that in the harbor shine.



NASTURTIIUMS

YE have relit your fires of lurid gold,  
O gay Nasturtiums, and with all the rays  
Of all the suns of summer are ablaze,  
Quaffing the noon's elixir as of old;  
The lilies by the river, pure and cold,  
Look wondering toward ye, from their sylvan  
ways

As gaudy poised ye flutter through the days  
Like butterflies that fain would wings unfold,  
O gorgeous shining flowers! O blossom bright  
Of radiant souled July! out through the dew  
Ye send a thousand pointed shafts of light  
That sting me to remembrance anew  
Ye are the torches, ere the funeral rite  
The summer's splendid vaunt ere death shall woo.

## THE VAGRANT

I PLUCKED a flower that in an alien place  
Among the roses I had chanced descry,—  
A vagrant that had wild and sweet and shy,  
Though exiled, bloomed in solitary grace,  
No tender care had sought its growth to trace  
But sun and dew and air, and smiling sky  
Had wrought their miracles, till roses nigh  
Could not entice the bees from its embrace;  
I know not, if the flowers to mold have grown,  
But I have wondered whether valley-born  
That flower had not, though among the roses  
    blown  
For its own kindred sighed—nay yestermorn  
I saw its golden mate, whose golden zone  
Was drenched with tears, as if it wept forlorn.

## OUT OF THE PRISON HOUSE

I HEARD the yearning voice of Spring  
Clamoring to me like some wild thing;  
I heard the sapphire sea implore;  
I heard the young leaves, o'er and o'er  
Cry out, resistless in their gold,  
To fires within me growing cold:  
Wake, ailing soul, bid doubts take wing;  
Wake, and make answer to the Spring!

I heard the calling of the wind,  
Blowing, salt-breathed, and unconfined,  
That 'cross the soft young grasses swept,  
And on its southward journey kept,  
Bringing me news of flowering plain,  
And hillside floods let loose again,  
Calling, "How deep thy wounds, how sharp life's  
sting,  
Wake and make answer to the Spring!"

Ah, not in vain the cry of Spring,  
Clamoring to me like some wild thing,  
For all the rapture of the sea  
And all the golden ecstasy  
Of leaves and grass and flowers withal  
Lift me to wing forth at its call:  
How hug despair, how heed life's sting,  
Intoxicate with breath of Spring!

## A VISION

I know not what the radiant vision wore,  
It was some sheeny drapery, of the hue  
That edging sunset clouds when day is o'er,  
Faints into lilac on the twilight's blue;  
The color of the heather sunlit through and  
through.

I know not what, divine withheld, she thought,  
She had a look of rapture in her eyes,  
As if from looking eastward she had caught,  
Glad intimations from the morning skies,  
That held her soul enthralled with mystic  
prophecies.

I know not where the radiant vision went,  
She left no flowers that I her way might trace,  
As loved of Dis, and yet I am content,  
She will come back the heart of spring to  
grace,  
And with the hyacinths take her hyacinthine  
place.

## TWO MOODS

## TO-DAY

I AM exultant souled to-day,  
I am a comrade of the sun,  
And ride the sky, with blue o'errun  
In the sun's own imperial way—  
I am exultant souled to-day.

I watch the linden blossoms sway,  
Their scents intoxicate the air;  
I quaff it, and forget despair,  
And the wild will of joy obey—  
I am exultant souled to-day.

I am the sun, the sky, the day,  
I feel impalpable, divine,  
Their beating hearts beat unto mine;  
Bid me "God speed" upon my way,  
I am exultant souled to-day.

## YESTERDAY

So blue the sky of yesterday,  
    Into its bosom I was drawn,  
    And heard the music of the dawn,  
And held the golden East in sway—  
So blue the sky of yesterday.

So matchless, sun of yesterday,  
    I caught the rapture of its pace,  
    And followed, till aflood in space  
The apocalypse hid earth away—  
So matchless, sun of yesterday.

The apocalypse hid earth away;  
    I held the keys of life and sight.  
    Oh sun, new sun just risen to light,  
Though a new heaven may lie thy way,  
I wing the heaven of yesterday.

TO A FRINGED GENTIAN

WHY should I sigh that summer flowers are dead?  
For fair as any summer flower that grew,  
Thou art, O gentian, brimming with the blue  
Of the immeasurable deep o'erhead.  
Thou grewest, shadowed in thy mountain bed  
By the empurpled peaks, and bright with dew,  
Catching the golden light that flickered through,  
In shy wild grace, I saw thee lift thy head;  
O sky-fringed rapture, thou mayst well be fair,  
Who liv'st mid forest hushes, and its sighs,  
And hear'st the whippoorwill's divine despair;  
No wonder that in thine ærial guise  
Thou shouldst, unconsciously, "the Heavens de-  
clare"  
Who holdest Heaven in thy cerulean eyes.

## MAGNOLIAS

THE full moon o'er the dazzling hill-tops sails  
And shines translucent on the grass below  
And I half listen, as once long ago,  
On the Campagna, for the nightingales;  
The nightingales sing not, but 'cross the vales  
Divinely borne by perfumed winds that blow,  
Laments of whippoorwills onwafted go  
To where, full opened, the magnolia pales;  
Flooded with splendor the magnolias vie  
With flowers of Rome; and the ensilvered hills  
Might be her classic throne, save that near by  
Their tangled deeps enbosom whippoorwills.  
And yet what matters it, far hills or nigh,  
When the same white May moon the whole world  
thrills?



LILACS

ADOWN a way with lilacs lined I went,  
'The purple of their plumes just breaking  
through,  
And half-forgotten dreams within me pent,  
No longer phantoms, back to beauty grew:  
And what I mourned as dead sprang into life  
anew.

Shadows of leaves the wind blew to and fro  
Were drifting, golden, o'er the sun-drenched  
ground,  
And the whole heavens above and earth below  
With silence seemed a-throb, as if Spring found  
The music flooding it, too exquisite for sound.

The mists shone on the hills like happy tears;  
The white clouds overhead went flocking by;  
I caught a scent that came 'cross gulf of years,  
Diviner than of lilacs growing nigh;  
I was a child again, that had not learned to sigh!

Thus, Spring on Spring, when into purple glow  
I see the lilacs opening, day by day,  
Back, 'cross the stormy gulf of years I go,  
And age, and grief, and failures, drop away:  
Oh, life so bitter sweet—I am a child in May.

## GLADIOLUS

I QUESTION not they bear a fitting name,  
These bladed lilies, as with spears aglow,  
Lifted in martial order, row on row,  
I watch their blossoms into color flame;  
Some into blush that e'en roses shame  
Some dusky red, some that from orange grow  
To a faint saffron and then fainter go  
Into the mystic pallors death might claim.  
At sight of them—I hear adown the years  
Rome's warriors answering to the battle cry  
And clash of arms, and thud of feet, and cheers:  
Of the wild multitudes that when drawn-nigh  
Turn frightened, as the smoke of battle clears,  
And from the awful scene of carnage fly.

---

And yet since so allied the lilies grow,  
Why should I but of death and warfare dream?  
It is the lilies, not the swords, that gleam  
And turned from tumults, 'cross the seas I go  
To where the peaceful Roman lilies blow  
On the Campagna and where light winds seem,  
Waked into music with the sun's first beam,  
Wafting them, golden-rhythmed, to and fro;  
Turned to their signals. Hark! I hear the  
    sound  
Of birds exultant singing in the ways  
Where once rang bugles, and see, morning  
    crowned,  
Leaned on the skies as in the olden days,  
The distant dome of the Cathedral, drowned  
In sapphire-shining deeps, of sapphire haze.

## SWALLOWS

SWALLOW, dear swallow, sharp-winged, sailing by,  
Stay yet, and through the golden sunshine pass,  
And dart from tree to tree, above the grass,  
That we, too soon, may not for Summer sigh.  
Entreat the lingering thrush that mounts on  
    high,  
Though morning-glories bloom no more, alas!  
Unto the heavens to sing its morning mass  
And drench again the dawn in ecstasy;  
Unthinned the quivering leaves, and all aflame  
The lilies in the field are not o'erpast;  
Skim low, and brazen sunflowers put to shame  
Usurping reign of rose too fair to last.  
Take thy short flights before mine eyes the same;  
Thou, who art Summer's lover, hold it fast.

Thou heedest not, O swallow, my desire,  
For summer has escaped thee, nor couldst keep,  
And swift, as to o'ertake, I see thee sweep  
And trail thy shadow cross the sunset's fire;  
Thou wilt go on with wings that never tire,  
Out toward the horizon, when from infant sleep,  
The moon will cling to bosom of the deep,  
And the last flickering light of day expire.  
Ah, if thou hitherward again couldst race,  
And breathe to me that thou hadst chanced to  
    stray,  
The ether traversing, to that bright place  
Through which the summer went its shining way,  
If broughtst not back summer in thine embrace  
How welcome thou, I should not bid thee stay.

Nay, never through the purple air canst glide,  
And through the twilight's gloom retrace thy  
ways

And find the summer pathway through the haze,  
Hung o'er the forests, that thou sweepst aside,  
The sunset's flame that lured thee long since died,  
And left no traces of their golden blaze;  
And through a newer summer's perfect days  
Thou wilt once more with perfumed south winds  
ride.

Swallow, oh, swallow, fickle though thou art,  
Still, still I hold thee dear, who mad'st bright  
track,

Flinging the morning's tears from off thy heart,  
Nor knew'st them tears, nor even knew'st thy  
lack,

And yet of radiant summer mad'st a part,  
And bore it out, yet cannot bring it back.

ON A STORM-BEATEN SEA CLIFF

FAR from the crowded city and the sound  
Of its unending traffic, and the glare  
Of its paved avenues and alleys, where  
The stones grow hot above the smoking ground  
I sat and watched the sea with waves, foam  
    crowned,  
That, flinging rainbows, chased each other there  
And drank in the intoxicating air  
As if elixir of the gods were found  
The cool soft grasses clustered at my feet  
And fleecy clouds trailed silvery toward the west,  
And I forgot awhile the fevered heat  
Of the great city's heart, nay, as each crest  
Plunged to the sea again in its retreat,  
Forget all else, save its divine unrest.

Nor yet could turn away, for, masts aglow,  
I saw a distant ship sail radiant  
On, and still on, to where the sky down-bent,  
And out through the inseparate azure go  
And vanish from my sight; and singing low  
The waves still frolicking untamed, unspent,  
Like chosen envoys from the Eternal sent.  
That would keep covenants in ebb or flow:—  
And then behold, the great sea far and nigh,  
Blown by the wind, and wrapt in noonday shine,  
Leaped into emerald surges that rolled by,  
And I could hear, up from the shore's white line  
A rushing rapture breaking to a sigh,  
Nor knew, if from the sea's glad lips—or mine.



Cliff born and nurtured, on their wind-rocked  
bed

The wild rose and the alder were asleep,  
Watched by the efflorescent moon, whose sweep  
Lay past the Pleiades, dimlit o'erhead.

Across the sky a shining shroud was spread,  
As the sun lying in state, and upward sped.

I heard the waves eternal chorused sweep,  
Into eternal imploration led.

Bright dreams and vague regrets held me in  
sway,

Too bright, too vague for moonlight to trans-  
late,

And grief and transport that behind me lay  
Came rushing back, confronting me with fate;  
Nor could sharp weaponed grief, my soul dismay  
Since Love unslain, could transport recreate.

## IN A SUBURB

ALMOST in sight the busy city ends ;  
Yet here the wild flowers in profusion blow,  
And grass-grown valleys stretching outward go  
Where here and there the shining river bends !  
Alight with golden fires September spends  
Her gorgeous days, whose morning vapors go  
Snatched by the reckless sunshine's reckless glow,  
And to its noons unshadowed splendor lends.  
No noises of the city can be heard,  
Nor faintest movement of the breathless air,  
But drifting up, with pinions scarcely stirred,  
Great butterflies their gauzy triumphs bear ;  
And hark—the song of a belated bird  
Winging the hill peaks with its breast aflare.

The lapsing hush is broken but by call  
Of locusts trumpeting an ambushed foe,  
And swish of waters, in whose tidal flow  
The very ripples as they rise and fall,  
Are held by its soft murmurings in thrall.  
And sinuous stemmed, the floating lilies show  
They sleep, and dream; and phantomed faint  
    below  
The sky dreams with them, sun, and clouds, and  
    all.—  
The thistle disks, with millions' silver rays  
Like crescent moons abloom, are shining near,  
And lamps unflickering, all along the ways  
On mullein spikes, are burning vestal clear,  
And once more caught to rapture as it sways,  
That scarlet bird flecking the atmosphere.

All the day's gold in dazzling attar shines  
Round foreheads of the hills! Sublime, they  
lie

Chosen Apostles of the One Most High,  
Written upon the earth in massive lines  
Sloped down from heaven, whereon each crest  
reclines.

And through the silence not a breath or sigh  
Disturbs the infinite dream; e'en bees go by  
Wafting beatitudes in noiseless signs.  
With all the beauty that the wild flowers wear,  
With the sky clasped to bosom of the stream,  
With lilies floating passionately fair,  
And the hills blazing, it would almost seem,  
Lifting mine eyes thereto, they might declare  
I had been face to face with the Supreme.

## MILTON

LIKE the eternal raptured undertone  
That shakes the seas' great soul from strand to  
strand

The voice of Milton, mighty o'er the land  
Has shaken the realms of music zone on zone.  
Down silent years its echoes have been blown  
By breath of Immortality, to grand  
And grander ring, till England can command  
The worship of the world for England's own:  
Milton whose song Heaven's innermost Heaven  
could dare

Milton enthroned as king 'mong deathless ones—  
Hark, like a rush of planets dazzling fair  
We seem to hear it as it onward runs;  
Runs on sublimely till in upper air,  
Flame-winged, flame-lit, it passes suns on suns.

## AFTER THE BURIAL

BRING me some Lethean draught, that I may  
know

A slumber, sound, as in my childhood's years;  
Forget awhile to weep, who drown in tears,  
And hear no more the sighing night winds blow:  
The whippoorwills that through the moonlight  
go

Sing maddeningly, and all the pallid spheres  
Flicker and flare, until the night appears  
Like a colossal presence draped with woe;  
Some Lethean draught—not poppies, for their  
red

Might feed the fires that burn my pulses so;  
I hear a sound of rushing wings o'erhead;  
And 'neath the moonlight's constant shifting  
glow

I cannot, cannot sleep—She sleeps instead—  
O wanton whippoorwills, sing low, sing low.

What draught is there that could this anguish  
slake

Or from my brain these visions seem to woo?  
Or hide the throbbing moonlight from my view?  
If I should sleep awhile, I might awake,  
While o'er and o'er again my heart would break,  
To hear the whippoorwills complain anew,  
And endlessly, and endlessly pursue,  
Those mounting wings I could not overtake.  
Ah! had I lotus flowers, who still must weep,  
Like summer roses, on my breast to wear,  
Something diviner even than childhood's sleep  
Might fall on me adown the moonlit air:  
Oblivion, so deep, so heavenly deep  
That Death itself, to gauge it would not dare.

## BROWNING

OH England, Mother of that flame-crowned race,  
High priests of Song, who nurtured on thy breast  
Live on immortal,—Browning with the rest,  
Proud of thine ownership lift up thy face  
His birthday on Time's shining page to trace,  
Whose song, like thunder of the heavens, has  
    pressed  
Magnificently onward East and West.  
Till in Fame's citadel it has found place.  
Fitting his advent to the world of men  
The nightingales should chorus near and far  
Who into Epics sang them back again,  
Enrapturing Springs that ages cannot mar,  
And set thy heavens to music with a pen  
Dipt in the flooding splendor of a star.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

TO A GENIUS

O SOUL that hast sublime achievements known,  
Sailing superbly onward planetwise,  
Sending thy perfect light across the skies,  
Teach me, a language lofty as thine own;  
Lift me to air of that resplendent zone  
Where thought on thought shall sublimated rise  
And find their golden way to paradise,  
Into divinest measured music grown!—  
Down in the lowly valleys where I bide.  
Naught can desire appease, to reach thy height—  
Thou who art with the stars and suns allied  
And knowest the ineffable, of light.  
Go circle space—thou canst the worlds outride,  
Who art Apostle of the Infinite.

## TO A CHILD OF YESTERDAY

BELOVÉD! Thou wert but a child when I knew  
thee;

That fearless went forth into mists of the years.  
Hast thou felt thrust of the weapon that slew  
me?

Hast thou known struggle and blood-sweat and  
fears,  
And the wild rain of tears?

Thou who wert glad with the gladness of morning,  
Coming toward April with on-flying feet,  
Hast thou of blackness of midnights had warn-  
ing?

Hast thou grown faint, with the desert sun's  
heat—  
That on desert sands beat?

Yet, what if the whirlwinds of living have rent  
thee—

What if thy soul has been shaken with sighs?  
Haply the lightning that scathed thee, has sent  
thee

Sight of the hilltops on breast of the skies—  
Unto which thou shalt rise.

Oh, the glory of morning still lies upon thee  
Healing as hurt, hides in mists of the years  
Thou hast drawn strength from the hilltops that  
    won thee  
Risen from whirlwinds and lightnings and tears  
    Into calm of the spheres.

## MIDSUMMER

O'ER the whole earth a quivering silence steals;  
The air is sultry and the springs are dry,  
And gorgeous butterflies drift languorously,  
And the pale sweetbriar droopingly reveals  
Its scorched and wilted foliage, as it feels  
The blazing sky's insistent scrutiny;  
And the bold thistle, even, seems to sigh;  
And, blanched with heat, its purple heart conceals;  
The brazen sun seems brazenly to glance  
With lured eye, unchanging day by day;  
Fierce watching, as to see the mists advance  
And flocks of phantom swallows sail away,  
Ere it shall fling to earth its last red lance  
And, fire-soul'd, beauty of the summer slay.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

WHAT will it matter in some future day,  
If shining stars lit my unreasoning heart,  
Or worn-out worlds in darkness broke away?  
Whether I sailed life's sea with map and chart,  
Or tossed unguided till I reached the shore?  
What will it matter when I toss no more?

What will it matter when I lie at rest,  
Whether I dreamed and soared, and was content,  
Or felt love's sword sharp turned within my breast,  
And out of heaven to fires of torment went?  
Whether I died ten thousand deaths before  
What matter, when I shall have died once more?

What will it matter in death's happy sleep,  
If the inconstant world I loved too well  
Or too much hated? If I tried to keep  
Pace with great souls, and won the race or fell?  
If blind with life I missed its key divine,  
What will it matter when the key is mine?

## YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

YESTERDAY morning I looked forth and said  
I cannot mend life, I have broken the thread  
And what should I gain when the whole world is  
dead?

The hills in the distance were covered with snow  
And the world although dead, seemed alive in its  
woe  
And the wings of thy soul as if wounded, drooped  
low.

—Ah was it but yesterday morning I said  
I cannot mend life, and the whole world is dead  
With millions hearts beating, and God's over-  
head?

## MARGARET

WHAT if Belovéd I never had known thee?  
Searching the sunshine and searching the air  
What if the west wind never had blown thee,  
Sun-kissed, and smiling, and fair?  
Hither to me, who while waiting thee long  
Picked up a reed to blow forth a song  
With which souls of reeds throng.

I blew on the reed, but I never could capture  
List'ning for sound of thy music-shod feet,  
A song that had lilt of an infinite rapture  
Fitting thy coming to greet.  
For song after song from the reed that I blew  
Fell athrob through the air, like the drip of the  
dew  
And to threnodies grew.

I turned from the songs and the reed also, know-  
ing  
That out of some, daffodil April dawn caught  
The west wind would blow thee a bird's song in  
blowing  
With a sky-note from heaven it had brought.  
Oh not for thine ear, the reed's songs I blew  
But the daffodil-dream of that bird as it flew  
Making rainbows of dew.

## AFTERGLOW IN MAY

LIGHT, flaming on the hills  
And fire-fogs drifting by,  
And through the thin rifts, sudden thrills  
Of the enturquoised sky.

The dead sun's vivid sign  
Set in the heavens o'erhead,  
And a young moon's ensilvered line  
Phantom'd upon the red.

Soft winds in flower pursuit  
Rapturing across the vales  
Music as from an unseen lute  
Or Lesbian nightingales.

Blossoms on bush and tree  
And grasses dewy bright,  
And lines of foam upon the sea  
Like shining drifts of light.

Glory that lingering stays,  
Color, transfiguring air,  
And blown by breath of th' Spring to blaze  
The universe aflare.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HIS EXCELLENCY'S SOLILOQUY

*(At Oyster Bay)*

I HAVE been chosen to be the nation's head,  
I, who hear constantly the forest's call,  
Who am by mountain forces held in thrall,  
Am called the city's bounded streets to tread;  
To watch the thoroughfares lest herein led  
Evil, fierce-fanged, my people should appall.  
I am their wills' embodiment—o'er all  
I must keep guard to shield from thing I dread.  
I flinch not at the task nor turn my face,  
I, servant of Jehovah, am content  
To wield his righteous sword and take my place  
With those to whom through ages he has lent  
Courage and strength and holiness and grace  
To hold undaunted, duty's battlement.

I flinch not at the task, and yet I know  
With quickening of the blood, how 'cross the  
plain

The loosed winds blow, and how like a wild strain  
Of rushing music eagles swirling go,  
Beating their upward way; and dropping so  
The cares of state awhile, chance I may gain,  
From thought of God's immense, new power to  
reign

And a diviner guardianship bestow.  
And since mid multitudes my feet are set,  
I turn me from the mountain peaks aflame  
Back to Humanity, nor can forget  
He who once bore it, held it flawless, fair;  
I will lead up his way, nor will I let  
My spirit faint though countless scars I bear.

O Country! wonderful in might and power,  
Akin to England, yet with loftier skies,  
With glacial splendors and with suns that rise  
Transfiguring thy cataracts hour by hour  
To myriad rainbows tumbling into flower,  
I gird me with the faith that in me lies  
At call of thy brave sons, stanch-soul'd to rise  
And 'bove the vapors of misgiving tower.  
I know how great a thing it is to hold  
Grip of a nation wearing crown of fame,  
And pledge thy sons of high resolve made bold  
Covenant to keep, unheeding praise or blame,  
And borrowing from the rulers chosen of old,  
Faithful to serve them, in Jehovah's name.

## A SONG

(TO A SINGER—J. P. M.)

Not with thy lips thou sang'st to me—  
From gaugeless deep that in thee lies  
More music haunted than the sea  
But sweeter than a nightingale  
Whose silver notes through moonlight trail  
Thou sangest with thine eyes.

Not with thy lips, thou soul of fire,  
But like a star that breaks the skies  
At the empurpled Night's desire,  
The impulse of whose golden flare  
Sudden enharps the circling air  
Thou sangest with thine eyes.

No sound of earth can drown the song,  
For mystical as south winds' sighs,  
That sylvan ways of summer throng,  
And flute-breathed, through the sunlight bear  
The forest pines' divine despair,  
Thou sangest with thine eyes.

Not with thy lips thou sang'st to me;  
But from the deep that in thee lies  
More music haunted than the sea:  
Like some wild thing a-swirl on wing  
That is ablaze with joy of Spring  
Thou sangest with thine eyes—  
Thine April eyes.

## INDIAN SUMMER

THE lowering skies have lost their sullen gray,  
And a great blaze of blue is o'er them thrown  
And Autumn smiles, as if the glory flown  
Came back to dazzle in its olden way;  
And wakened bees, no longer loath to stay,  
Through the warm noontide's mystic tunes intone  
And haunt the rays, down from the sun's heart  
grown,

As on some phantom lute beguiled to play.  
It might be June dreamed back to earth again,  
If morning-glories' pink-vined bells would chime,  
Or if the buttercups held golden reign,  
For a late oriole stays the heavens to climb  
And a wild rose burns red. Autumn, all vain  
Thou cheatest thyself, but thou canst not cheat  
Time!

## AN APRIL CHILD

INTO an April world your first-born came,  
Stretching his arms aloft, as if to bring  
Into his tiny palms the soul of Spring  
And grasp the light with which it was aflame:  
Listen! So soft his breathing, it might shame  
Even the lightest zephyrs, as they ring  
Flower bells to call the flowers to worshiping,  
Or the faint sighs that opening hyacinths claim—  
No longer will infinitudes surprise.  
Ocean and air and sky will seem divine,  
And in the coming days, when new suns rise,  
Earth will be halo'd, and within its shine,  
From out the azure deeps of those young eyes,  
Heaven will look forth, as if vouchsafing sign.

## AN AUGUST SONG

I HAVE no heart to sing,  
For swallows outward wing,  
And deeper shadows on the grasses fall;  
And whippoorwills through longer twilight call,  
And summer's wine is nearly drained withal,  
    How can I, can I, sing,  
    Swallows on wing?

The hills that lie in dream,  
Still bathed in summer's gleam,  
Although divine with sapphire, seem to sigh;  
The heavens they breast look infinitely high  
The fairest flowers that decked them, have gone  
    by;  
    How can I, can I, sing,  
    Swallows on wing?

The evening star, more clear,  
Glitters like a great tear  
Wept for the day—the day that earlier fleets;  
There are no longer the impassioned heats  
The summer's heart; ah, me, so slow its beats,  
    How can I, can I, sing,  
    Swallows on wing?

YE WHO WOULD IN YOUR MARBLES  
LIVE

YE who would in your marbles live, beware  
Lest in your souls some hidden flaws ye bear.  
For statues that ye dreamed were chiseled fair  
Will in some reckless curve the truth declare.



## ART'S ECLIPSE

HE painted faces fair, supremely fair,  
Faultless in drawing and with coloring fine,  
A hint of Genius in every line,  
But never one that could an aureole wear;  
Circes, and women with their bosoms bare,  
And sea nymphs rising from the foamy brine  
With wanton locks outflung, as to entwine  
Around men's souls and, strangling, drown them  
there:

—O Art, transcendent Art, if in thy guise  
The senses can be moved, how canst thou keep  
Thy holy garments from the grime that flies  
Thickening earth's air?—Go and hurl fathoms  
deep

Brushes that cannot paint in women's eyes  
Beatitudes that to the saints might leap!

## A PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND

## AFTER MANY SITTINGS

ODD as a species, not for oddness' sake,  
And never pleased the common ground to take;  
Disdaining all conventional display,  
And full of moods, as is an April day;  
Frowning and pensive, smiling and disturbed,  
With a strong will, that never has been curbed:

Yet as the April's splendor

Is always tender,

The little children linger at his knee,  
Because he, too, a little child can be:

Standing apart

As one distinct; kissing the lips of Art  
And yet, because in harmony most rare  
With Nature, owning Nature is more fair;  
Ennobling life with finest sentiment,  
And looking in the eyes of Truth, content.

As some grand painting, that, in sunlight hung  
Discloses to the world, with subtile power,  
The essence of some dreamer's songs unsung,  
The perfume of some soul's immortal flower:

So standing thus apart,

As one uplifted to the eternal heart,  
Man's possible, with God's doth seem to blend—  
No limit and no end.

## THE LADY TO THE SCULPTOR

PERCHANCE when you have put my soul to test  
And smiling think its tortuous ways you know,  
Some splendid moment of desire may grow  
Swift lifted to my face from out my breast,  
Into a look where some high dream expressed  
Shall shine out clear. Then ere the moment go  
Sheath it in marble; fix the rapture so  
That they who see, shall know me at my best.  
But could you when another mood is mine  
And an insurgent grief held me in sway  
Within the marble's frozen calm confine  
The swelling flood and bid it therein stay?  
Would not your genius, appalled, divine  
The marble pain would break itself away?

## TO THE SOUTH WIND

ETHEREAL minstrel wandering through May,  
Spirit, whose breath is wafted far and nigh,  
Thou art an echo of the inviolate sigh  
Creation drew, on its perfected way;  
Winged with the heat, thou callest on the day,  
With bloom's omnipotence, to make reply,  
And as the steed of swallows, racest by  
Lest the pursuing Summer should gain sway;—  
As Spring's ambassador, thou canst unfold  
Secrets of eagles' dwellings and of vales;  
And trail'st through grasses, all a-quiver with  
gold,  
In murmured transport as of nightingales;  
Span'st earth and sea, but canst not, canst not  
hold  
Yon hurrying cloud that past the sunset sails.

## TO THE WEST WINDS

DIVINE Apostle of the Summer, blow;  
The rose is waiting thee, and in the grass  
Thy purple lovers long for thee to pass  
And thine old rapture, at their presence, show;  
I see thee, coming o'er the hilltops, slow,  
As listening to the oriole's morning mass,  
Nor yet hast whispered to the vales, alas,  
The forest secrets that they fain would know:—  
Haunt sylvan dells, and, from the exiles there,  
Bring the wild odors on thy swiftening way,  
And into reckless, golden riot, bear  
The calm, unwavering sunshine of the day;  
Thou, who hast power to kiss the Summer fair,  
Prove Sorcerer, and kiss one that will stay.

## AN OLD COMPANION

TRANSCENDENT South Wind, hast thou come to  
bring

A message from that radiant long ago?  
Bring then the old dreams back, that I may know  
Thou art, in truth, the evangel of the spring;  
Loosen the mists that round the mornings cling,  
And to the summer drawing nigh breathe low  
That o'er its unclosed roses thou wilt blow  
And fan to gorgeous bloom with thy warm wing.  
Thou art unchanged, chasing in thy wild play  
The sun's resplendent locks that flood the sky  
And stream, untamed, across the fields of May;  
And I wait breathless, as thou wanderest by,  
The recognition, who couldst once convey  
The rapture of an Eden, in a sigh.

A SUMMER SONG

A MEADOW lark singing—the flash of a wing,  
A vista through treetops of measureless blue,  
A golden meshed gossamer caught from the  
    Spring,  
Summer, sunflooded—and you.

The glint of a river—hills stretching in line,  
Soft grasses, wind wafted, a-shine with the dew,  
A tangle of blossoms on branch and on vine,  
    Summer, flower-breasted—and you.

White clouds sailing outward—the Sun at its  
    noon,  
The heavens all a-quiver—June blazoning  
    through,  
My soul—like a wild bird, in swirl of a tune,  
    Summer—the tune's swirl—and you.

## ONE SUMMER DAY

O SUMMER day,  
Thou canst not, canst not go away,  
For memory of thy birds and flowers,  
And thine intoxicating hours,  
Vivid within my heart will stay:  
The winds, that clover scented, blow  
The marguerites with hearts aglow,  
All, all, will stay;  
Thou canst not, canst not go away,  
O perfect summer day!

O summer day,  
Thou canst not, canst not go away,  
Forever in the sunshine drowned,  
Forever with the roses crowned,  
Thou canst hold even Time at bay.  
The transfixed noon with light ablaze,  
The horizon lined with tender haze:  
All, all, will stay;  
Thou canst not, canst not go away,  
O perfect summer day!



## TO A DEAD DAY

DEAR day, whose skies arch still celestial blue,  
Peerless, enchanting and mysterious day,  
Thy roses through the eternal years will stay  
Forever perfumed and forever new;  
Thy nightingales that singing skyward flew;  
Thy sun's gold heart that scattered ray on ray,  
As if with light the grasses to downweigh;  
Nothing will change, nothing the joy undo.  
Out of his fairest heaven God fashioned thee,  
O thou one perfect day! and well I know,  
Though there shall bloom no more such flowers  
    for me,  
Though never more such haunting strains shall  
    flow  
From other nightingales, I hold the key  
To that vast door through which Love's feet may  
    go.

## TO A BRONZE SEA-GULL

OH, sea-gull metal bound!  
Breathe in your sculptured calm that "death is  
sweet,"  
For as perchance your wet wings skyward beat,  
In life's supremest moment you were crowned  
Through dazzling glimpse of heaven, with si-  
lence most profound.

Haply within your breast,  
The passion of unresting waves is pent:  
And as from blinding spray you whirling went,  
Your majesty of daring was expressed  
(Reaching too high for motion) in this nobler  
rest.

Ah! glimpse of heaven once won  
Triumph of silence, who would dare gainsay?  
If our own fetters could be torn away  
The pent up, mad'ning pain of life were done  
And ecstasy of death would flood us like the sun.

I CANNOT SAY

I CANNOT say, oh, Life, I am content,  
Although the world is so supremely fair,  
Yet when I fain would soar, the mists ensnare,  
And ere I reach the Sun, my strength is spent ;  
Through all its labyrinths I have been sent,  
And in its tortuous paths have reached to where  
I know there is no gauge to Love's despair,  
And from its deep abysses no ascent.  
What wantest thou, my Soul? Since I have  
    spanned  
All human agonies, what more needst dread?  
Art thou so dull thou canst not understand  
Because, unhealed, my wounds have constant  
    bled,  
Caged, fettered, songless, by hope's wings un-  
    fanned,  
I want, forevermore, I want—my dead.

And yet, poor craven soul, wouldst call thy dead  
Chance from the Apocalypse? Hush yester-  
night

When the great sun dropt down its dying light  
And bathed the world in jasper and in red,  
Ashamed of puerile tears and doubts, I said,  
If such earth's glory why shouldst grudge the  
sight

To thy beloved of yonder Heaven, alight  
With the effulgence streaming round God's head?  
Ah! well for me, that I can nought decide,  
We shall be left no choice, my soul and I,  
We bruise our wings, yet cannot override  
The bars that separate the earth and sky,  
And I—I shall not know, till I have died  
How far, O soul, and whither, thou shalt fly.

EASTWARD

EASTWARD I turned mine eyes, though hope was  
done,  
From whence the Springtime came, new hope to  
bear,  
And saw a vision, than the Spring more fair,  
Float outward past the sun.

Adrift upon the sky the pale moon lay,  
As silver witness signaling the night,  
Yet still with soul transfigured by the light  
Fearless she went her way.

O vision that to-day the dawn enspheres,  
To-morrow, if beyond the hyacinths blown.  
If past the sun of Spring; the night winds moan,  
Mine, mine be all the tears.

## TO THE RISING SUN

THOU ageless Sun, uprising warm and clear,  
As set to watch from out the heavens above  
Take hence thy light, it will not reach me here,  
I see—but my dead Love.

Although thou hurl'st thy million rays below,  
Death has eluded even thy sharpest dart;  
Withdraw thy weapons, thou hast missed the foe  
To plunge them in my heart.

Thou ageless Sun, thou soulless golden blot,  
With thy full splendor, from the heavens  
above,  
Thou strik'st the coffin lid—I see thee not;  
I see—but my dead Love.

## TO THE ECLIPSED MOON

THICK veiled, and blushing like a bride, O Moon,  
Superbly sailing o'er the dusky sky,  
Hast seen a fiery planet drawing nigh  
That lent thee glow, red as the sun at noon?  
Or hast thou in the sudden joy of June  
With the sweet rapture of its kiss grown shy,  
Hidden thine o'erwhelming ecstasy  
In a strange shadow that will pass thee soon?

Divine pale moon, the passing shadow o'er,  
With thy transcendent silver all agleam,  
Thou goest on thy way supreme once more  
And flood'st the sky, that shining makes the  
    seem  
More beautiful than e'en thou wert before—  
Wakened from mystery of a wondrous dream.

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

WITH a transcendent smile Love came to me  
And held me, willing captive, through the days,  
Leading o'er flowering fields and sylvan ways,  
That I his infinite domain might see:  
Innumerable birds, wild-winged and free,  
Swept, singing, eastward past the sun's full rays,  
And jonquils with their golden hearts ablaze  
Flashed, with the joy of Spring, their joy to me:  
On, on and on, I wandered, at Love's side,  
Until far out beyond the horizon's verge,  
The darkness dropped—the sun itself had died;  
And losing foothold, I was gulfed in surge  
Of grief's o'erwhelming sea. "Love, Love," I  
cried,  
"Hast thou betrayed with rapture, thus to  
scourge?"



Love drew me to the shore, and though the night  
Was lingering yet, and though I still heard moan  
Of that insurgent sea, the heavens had grown  
Lambent, as with a planet's soul in sight.

"O Love," I whispered, "though I swoon with  
might

Of swelling tides, thou the same tides hast known;  
Which path thou choosest I will make mine own  
Lead on, thou canst the sun that died relight."  
Behold, I have kept faith with Love, although  
O'er countless Calvarys my feet have passed,  
For always on their up-reared crosses, glow,  
Of his seraphic presence has been cast;  
And mightier than grief's awful undertow  
Love has uplifted, yea, and held me fast.

## IN BLOSSOM TIME

It is the carnival of spring, the golden time  
That Aphrodite held most fair;  
When leaves transparent glisten in the air  
And scents of wild flowers through the sunshine  
climb.

When hilltops catch the dazzling light  
And spill it broadcast; where like yellow suns  
The dandelions shine; and o'er the soft grass  
runs,

Kissed by a zephyr lightly wandering by,  
A tremor exquisite.

And meadow larks, with wings awlirl on high,  
Sing choruses exultant as they fly,  
And nothing, nothing is amiss in all the earth or  
sky.

The blossoms, with which trees are crowned,  
With their insistent blushes, film the air—  
And through the rose mist gleaming here and  
there

A loosened petal flutters to the ground.  
The swallows, busy building, dart away,  
With prescient knowledge happy twittering;  
And milk-white in the pastures young lambs play.  
Chasing the shimmering shadows, light clouds  
fling,

The overflowing brooks run sparkling by,  
Half-wakened bees on lilac bosoms lie,  
And nothing, nothing is amiss in all the earth or  
sky.

Beauty reigns absolute: The fir trees shine,  
Tipped with pale emerald, and pines line upon  
line;

    Caught in the glow,  
Repeat their litanies, in whispers hushed and low;  
The violet horizon in the distance dips,  
And a sky-raptured lark from out the chorus  
slips,

Plunging the ether, and is lost to sight.

    The carnival is at its height,

    And, lo!

        I know, I know

By nature's power to recreate, whose witnesses  
crowd nigh;

By all the blossoms at my feet, and meadow larks  
on high,

By a new ecstasy of hope that will not let me  
sigh,

That nothing, nothing is amiss in all the earth or  
sky.

## THE SONGS OF THE SILENCES

From the deeps of burning color o'er the skies of  
morning spread

I have heard the mighty transport of the sun that  
leaps o'erhead,

And across cerulean spaces, that the noontide  
splendors span,

Caught the tunes, Chance, rapturing ages,  
echoed from the reeds of Pan.

Through the purple hush of twilight that across  
the ether springs

I have heard the mystic wafting of the fireflies'  
glittering wings,

And enrhythming the darkness, as a lark's song  
rhythms light.

Heard the golden scintillations of the stars em-  
blazoning night.

From immeasurable distance of a full moon calm  
and white  
I have heard th' insistent glory dropping from  
its silver height,  
And from out the forest pine trees with their  
ecstasy aflare  
Heard æolian intimations like a flute's divine de-  
spair.  
Ah, no more earth's limitations can my daring  
soul restrain;  
Nevermore, who have seen summits, will I grovel  
on the plain,  
For, in sublimated moments, by th' Eternal swept  
along,  
I have heard the heart of silence, beating suffo-  
cate with song.

## THE SILENCE OF GENIUS

WITHIN her being leaped a sacred fire;  
    She dreamed the dreams that to immortals  
        come,  
And soared to language than of music higher,  
    Although her lips were dumb.

She could interpret the Auroral lights,  
    And the Sea's everlasting undertone,  
And made the solitudes of far-off heights  
    Companions of her own!

The flowers communed with her; the west winds  
    sent  
    Divine salutes to her across the grass,  
And with her listening ear to forests bent  
    She heard the Eternal pass.

The glory of the Sun within her dwelt;  
    The vast of planets she could overcome,  
And all that was, and is, and shall be, felt,  
    Although her lips were dumb.

## TO SAPPHO

BELOVED of gods and by the gods inspired  
Who from thy land's intoxicate ether, drew  
Immeasurable music, till it grew  
Articulate to Heaven, Art still is fired,  
Listening thy lyrics as they go untired  
The echoing years reverberating through,  
With longing in some strain to find the clew  
To Arts supernal, but through gods acquired.  
What golden passion in thy soul became  
The voice divine, not mine to hold the key,  
But chance some mighty love's volcanic flame  
Sprang skyward into deathless ecstacy—  
Thy Lesbian skies are strange, yet still I claim  
What songs thou sang'st to Greece, thou sang'st  
to me.



MIDNIGHT

Oh, for some way  
To keep these dimly burning thoughts of mine  
From their strange flickering, till, day by day  
Grown to pure light, they leap to flame divine,  
And from new deeps I may find words to tell  
Of suns ineffable, unreached, that in me dwell.

Oh, for a lyre  
Like that of old, from which the Lesbian drew  
The golden blaze of an ecstatic fire  
That into hymn to Aphrodite grew  
That, still undrowned, floats over Grecian seas  
And echoes, changeless sweet, in wind-kissed olive  
trees.

Oh, for some sign  
That, monstrous still with clay, my soul may  
grow  
Sublime, exalted as with Thracian wine,  
To such fair shaping all its scars will go;  
That some time o'er death's deathless seas will  
float  
From out my sun-emblazoned heart a deathless  
note.

## A CAGED BIRD SINGING

THOU yellow plumaged bird, that sweet and  
strong  
Singing imprisoned as if thou wert free,  
I would some way thou couldst impart to me  
The golden secret of thy happy song.  
Perchance in thine unruffled breast may throng  
Memories of blossoms grown on some far tree  
That a perpetual summer make for thee,  
Enflooding thee with sunshine all day long:  
Glad bird sing on, I would be glad the same,  
But mockery of thy summer dream have met:  
Memories may be thy solace—I but aim  
With my whole soul's insistence to forget—  
So fair the Elysian fields with flowers aflame  
When I became a captive to regret.

## THE GIFT OF A WILD FLOWER

DID you pluck the flower for the flower  
In the grace of an exquisite hour,  
When your soul soared lofty and free  
To the Soul you meant it should be?  
In the grace of that exquisite hour.  
Did you pluck the flower for the flower,  
Or did you pluck it for me?

Did you pluck it because it was white,  
In a dream of impassioned delight,  
Or because in its heart you could see  
What a sublimate summer might be?  
In the grace of that exquisite hour  
Did you pluck the flower for the flower,  
Or did you pluck it for me?

If you plucked it, the shy, white thing,  
With a heart like a bluebird's in spring,  
What matter whichever it be?  
It is part of the spring's decree.  
In the grace of that exquisite hour  
You gave two souls to the flower,  
And one—one floated to me.

## IN A FOREST

BETWEEN the somber trees, the yellow light  
Drifts into yellow streams, whose ripples go  
Drenching the ground where the wild hyacinths  
    blow  
Until the deepest hidden dells grow bright;  
The blue heavens, here and there, break into  
    sight  
Through leaf-fringed openings, while orioles go  
And to the sun their glittering bosoms show,  
Cleaving the noon-day silence in their flight:  
An unseen presence seems to haunt the shade,  
Where purple deeps, to deeps more purple cling,  
Whose voice, mysterious borne through every  
    glade,  
Mysterious melodies is murmuring,  
As if Æolian tunes that once Pan played  
Were set afloat again by breath of Spring.

HOW I LEARNED TO SING

A CHILD, first thing I knew  
Strange visions came and went and lifted me  
Into a deep unresting ecstasy,  
Where with each thought that grew  
I felt my soul escape. Such little thing  
To cleave the ether like a bird on wing,  
It seemed to me, and so, I learned to sing.

I searched the summer sky,  
Mysterious voices murmured in the air,  
My heart the splendid music seemed to share  
And made divine reply.  
I heard strange measures through the azure ring,  
I thought it was the sun's heart answering,  
I listened all intent, and so, I learned to sing.

Later, life mastered me,  
I kissed the frozen lips of mute despair,  
Yet still the visions stayed, as if to bear  
My shattered harmony  
Up grief's whole scale. Love's joy became  
Love's sting,  
Then knowledge broke my heart, and so I learned  
to sing.

## I KNOW NOT WHY

I KNOW not why

Some voices thrill me so. Touching some  
palms

Sudden my pulses passionately fly

And I forget the calms

Of false content, and want to do, and be

Something divine that they may give their  
hearts to me.

A subtle pain

Troubles my soul to infinite desire,

Some chord mysterious that has silent lain

Flashes to fire,

And mornings grow more bright and moons more  
fair,

I climb love's mystic height through music's sweet  
despair.

Ah, could I keep

My soul to heights I dream, then I might know

What gods have known and be attuned to sweep

Of planets as they flow,

And in sublime discovery of their swing

From love's new altitude to love's new knowl-  
edge spring.

TO —————

ONCE more, only once more, if I could be  
Flooded with joy that shines in thy young eyes,  
And turned from weeping, let my soul baptize  
    In its unfathomed sea,  
How passing sweet, Love's shining shores relit,  
    To drown in it.

So thought I yesterday, in craven mood;  
To-day I can my craven thoughts forego,  
And watch thy smiling face, who love thee so,  
    Its rapture understood,  
Nor grudge the rose blooms strewn thy pathway  
    o'er,  
    But fling one more.

Thou art so fair, the rain will pass thee by;  
Over thy path, I dream, the arc will shine;  
Lift up thy happy eyes and mark the sign,  
    Thou wert not born to sigh.  
Go, nor need'st shun what shall be thine to meet;  
    Go—Life is sweet.

## THE VIRGIN TO HER SON

## ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I LIFT mine eyes, O Christ, to thee,  
To thee, my splendor browed,  
Who with Jehovah, holdest heaven in sway,  
Yet smilest unto me.  
Around thee multitudes of angels crowd,  
Flinging their palms down in thy way,  
And singing thee, upon this festal day,  
Their loftiest songs of praise.  
And yet I held thee, when I knew earth's ways,  
A child, all warm upon my breast,  
And hushed thee, star watched, into rest  
My sinless one!  
Now thou mak'st luminous heaven's uttermost  
height  
Winged with the glory of eternal light—  
My shining one!  
Thou art incarnate Love—is it to show  
Unto all heaven thy love thou smilest so,  
My Lord, my Christ, my King, my Son?



I draw me nearer unto thee,  
To thee, my heavenly eyed,  
For to the place kept vacant at thy side,  
With shimmer of thy wings, thou beckonest me.  
I am thy mother, and I gave the name  
That all thy hosts proclaim,  
And cherubim and seraphim make way,  
That I may touch thy garment's hem to-day.  
I knew thee with thy wounds, thy foes,  
Thy human woes,  
My sinless one.  
Now thou mak'st luminous heaven's uttermost  
height  
Winged with the glory of eternal light,  
My shining one!  
Thou art incarnate Love—Is it to show  
Unto all heaven thy love, thou smilest so.  
My Lord, my Christ, my King, my Son?

## TO A YOUNG POET

I know thee not, and yet I know  
Thou art a minstrel, holding flute  
That deep-breathed, thou hast learned to blow  
And in thy silver songs' pursuit  
Hast wakened echoes high and low  
That else were mute.

I only know with splendid might  
The golden noted measures fall,  
Flaming their way like liquid light,  
From out thy heart, to hearts of all,  
And that thou canst on music's height  
The world enthrall.

## THE WAY TO ARCADY

NAY, tell me not the way, I said,  
    To Arcady—to Arcady,  
For I have learned its way to tread;  
Not always with the blue o'erhead,  
For oftentimes the path has led  
To wild flowers blooming o'er the dead;  
Then, smitten with scent of violets,  
Swept into singing with regrets,  
If singing, I could pain defy,  
I know the way to Arcady—  
    To Arcady.

The way is full of thorns, I said,  
    To Arcady—to Arcady,  
Beneath the heavens whose sun has fled;  
I wear their crown upon my head,  
Yet if my soul with wings upsped  
Sails to the singing overspread,  
I am content, though through despair  
I plunge, to reach the rapture there;  
Although engulfed in tears I lie,  
I weep, on shores of Arcady—  
    Of Arcady.

Nay, tell me not the way, I said,  
    To Arcady—to Arcady,  
For I have learned its way to tread;  
I wear Love's crown upon my head,  
I am content, though brows have bled,  
Though tears must evermore be shed:  
I know the ecstasy divine,  
Born of the pang—for Love is mine,  
If Love can so Love's pangs defy  
I know the way to Arcady—  
    To Arcady.

AT THE BIER

RED on your bosom you wear  
Rose that at sunrise blew,  
Sleeping all unaware;  
Belovéd, I whisper to you  
This is my soul's adieu.

Dear, when the roses first came,  
One, breathed my passion to you;  
This, with its petals aflame,  
As if drenched with my heart's blood through,  
This, is my soul's adieu.

Heard you the angels' wings beat  
Down through the fathomless blue?  
You have o'ertaken them, sweet!  
Angel, that sunrise updrew,  
This is my soul's adieu.

## A VISION

LURED by mysterious voices clear and strong,  
I sailed the ether upon wings of fire,  
Holding intoxicate with flight, life's lyre  
Swelling and vibrant with imprisoned song;  
I smote the strings that dazzling seemed to  
    throng  
Down from the sun whose glory drew me nigher,  
And soundless raptures answering my desire  
Into a vivid rainbow swept along:—  
O soul, rejoice! for in that arc sublime  
That ran 'cross heaven like lightning, golden,  
    fleet,  
The rhythmic silences broke into chime  
Than Phrygian music more divinely sweet:  
And 'bove life's lyre, above the pulse of Time,  
I heard the pulse of the Eternal beat.

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SUNSET IN PORTSMOUTH

SUNSET that lingerest, blood red in the West,  
I am so shadow haunted, thou so bright,  
From the full blaze of thine exceeding light  
I turn me for a while, mine eyes to rest,  
Fade, fade, and flaunt no more thy blazoned  
    breast;  
And let me be companioned with the night  
And its calm stars, that as they steal to sight  
May bring me solace in some way unguessed;—  
Fade swiftly, and shut out the world from me;  
Thy light like a sharp sword above me gleams,  
For in the desert of my soul I see  
Shining above me, mirrored by thy beams,  
From its vast ruin borne at thy decree,  
Mirage of buried city of my dreams.

## THANKSGIVING

LORD God of Hosts, we set this day aside  
In which to thank Thee, for the wondrous ways  
Thou hast vouchsafed fulfillment to the days,  
And the lands' golden harvests multiplied,  
For peace and progress reigning side by side;  
For truth's increase, that civic movement sways;  
And for the light of Christ, that changeless stays  
Starring the ages, race on race, to guide:  
We thank Thee, Oh, Thou Giver Infinite,  
For the great boon of life—yes, and for death—  
The splendid pause, ere an unfettered flight  
For Love that the whole world encompasseth:  
And for the promised Heaven, whose uttermost  
height  
Is luminous with lightning of Thy breath.



TO PAIN

TIGER, hot-breathed, that cluthest at my heart,  
And cruel watchest bleeding drops that fall,  
Loose me, and let my soul escape the thrall  
That keeps me from my pangless love apart;  
Loose me, and sleep awhile; why shouldst thou  
start,  
And with the threatening of thy fangs appall?  
My dead is dead beyond the reach withal  
Of wounds like mine, to fester and to smart.  
Even in thy grasp, it eases me to know  
Thou canst not longer my beloved affright,  
And that thou, fierce-eyed, will not dare to go  
Where he lies beautiful and still and white.  
Thou art Death's ally, Love's relentless foe,  
How cope with thee who murderer art by right?

## TO DEATH

BREAK swift the chain that binds me to the rack,  
O thou divine sweet Death, and let me be  
From the vast agony of Life set free;  
Freeze down my eyelids, that on desert track,  
My feet late trod, I can no more look back,  
And unto me, in hushed benignity  
The gift, thou gavest my beloved, decree,  
Who went his way, beyond the zodiac;  
And yet I have so loved the flowerlit ways,  
And swathed in purple all the peaks in sight  
Companioned by them, through the lonely days,  
Dear Death, ere thou shalt bear me into night,  
Once more, to them I fain mine eyes would raise,  
That I might take with me their heavenly light.

## THE DECREE OF LOVE

LOVE drank the dregs of a consummate woe  
And grew intoxicate with its despair.  
Innumerable discords filled the air,  
And Music fled and knew not where to go.  
“O Angel of the Past,” Love whispered, “show  
The Demon of the Present what a snare  
Is set for jubilant feet, what masks men wear  
Who seem to live, and yet but grave-damps know.  
Lo! shattered at my feet, empty of wine,  
Life’s goblet lies; yea, empty even of lees.  
And yet what revelations have been mine,  
What sunlit calms, what thunder-riven seas!  
It is not love,” Love said, “that is divine;  
It is the eternal anguish Love decrees.”

## TO PAN

PIPE me a song, O Pan,  
On a reed by a river found  
Where never a hope was drowned ;  
On a reed from a river that ran  
With the Sunrise forever o'er it ;—  
But joy of the heavens that bore it ;—  
Pipe it to me—if you can.

Pipe me a song, O Pan,  
A song with an impulse as high  
As the music that dropped from the sky  
When the lark's wild rapture o'erran ;  
A lark, with a Sunrise o'er it,  
But joy of the heavens that bore it ;  
Pipe it to me—if you can.

Pipe me a song, O Pan ;  
Pipe to this sad soul of mine  
A song, than the lark's more divine,  
That Love in Love's Eden began ;  
A song with the Sunrise o'er it  
But joy of the heavens that bore it ;—  
Pipe back to me—if you can.

MY HOPE

AFLOOD with life, before I knew its name,  
I hold it fairest gift, so well I know  
That in the Springtime, when the wild flowers  
    blow,  
With all its forces I shall be aflame.  
I own eternal things, for I can claim  
Thoughts winged like winds that through Im-  
    menses go,  
Searching the uttermost places, high and low,  
That, born of Heaven, Earth's breath can never  
    tame:  
I am content, that dark of Death must be,  
Because in splendor of the Eternal scheme  
Death has been given place; but I can see  
A lovelit Heaven 'bove winds that blow, agleam;  
And know, if here or there, earth-bound or free,  
I am Immortal, child of the Supreme.

## MIDSUMMER BUTTERFLIES

O BUTTERFLIES elusive, hovering nigh  
The overblown wild roses, that reveal  
The shrunken and tarnished gold they wear, as  
    seal  
Of the fierce sun's insistent scrutiny.  
Drifting adown the ether silently,  
Ye hear the thistles sigh as with appeal  
For their lost purple, while the wild bees steal,  
Rivalling your place on their blanched breasts  
    to lie.  
Beneath the brazen sky ye slow advance  
From flower to flower all through the languid  
    day,  
As if their drooping souls ye would entrance:  
Drift on, drift airy on, on and away,  
For soon, too soon, the sun with blood-red lance  
Will ruthless, summer, ye are part of, slay.

AN EARLY BUTTERFLY

Thou glittering, gauze-winged harbinger of  
May,  
Never through saffron meshes of its light  
To see another morning's sun, rise bright,  
And sail forth zenithward upon its way,  
Hast thou no gossamer desire to stay?  
Or wilt thou be content, from untired flight,  
Within some lily's bosom shrouded white  
To find thy grave, when thou hast lived thy day?  
The secret thou wilt gain I fain would know,  
Nay, I half envy thee thy coming sleep,  
For with unhealed regrets and stygian woe,  
I, who so covet sunshine, am a-reck,  
Whilst thou, with ecstasy unchanged, wilt go  
From tryst with life thy tryst with Death to  
keep.

## TO A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY

BRIGHT vision sailing through the city's street,  
Basking in sunshine of the autumn day,  
Didst hither from thy purple castle stray,  
Enticed by rhythmic chime of busy feet?  
The deafening noises clanging round thee beat;  
In wild amaze I see thee search the way  
To find thy happy mates in airy play;  
But, crushed in whirl, death signals thy defeat.  
Defeat? Rather let me believe, nay, claim,  
That when thou went'st, by airs elysian fanned,  
Thou wert uplifted with thy soul aflame,  
And touched by some ethereal spirit hand—  
A music-breasted nightingale became,  
And hast ere this the blue, victorious scanned.



TO A BUTTERFLY ON THE SEASHORE

WHEREFORE, O butterfly, hast left the rose,  
The rose that all too soon will blush no more?  
Thou sailest, solitary, past the shore,  
Lured to the sea, the sea whose ebbs and flows  
Make massive music, and whose salt breath  
    blows,  
And alien startles thee, as turn'st to soar.  
Haste!—hear'st thou not, the white shells hover-  
    ing o'er  
The muffled rushes of eternal woes?  
Dreamer of roses, gossamer delight,  
Back to the flowers, if thou must wander, go!  
Go live thy day with all thy dreams in sight;  
Thou art thyself a gauze-winged dream, that, lo!  
Shouldst vanish blissful ere the purple night,  
Since of the dead rose thou wilt never know.

## THE MADONNA

MOTHER of all the mothers born to weep  
Since in that shed at Bethlehem thy breast  
Pillowed Christ's golden head, wert thou not  
    blest?

Yea! though thou saw'st Him crucified to keep  
Love paramount, that thou could'st bridge the  
    deep

Of thine own woe with resurrection's test,  
And 'scape Demeter's anguish of unrest,  
Who stayed, for Proserpine, the season's sweep?  
O pitying one, that leavest a trail of light,  
Outshining gates of Heaven, that thou mayst  
    bring

Earth's broken-hearted mothers to the Light,  
Hast thou not seen within thy luminous ring  
A little child holding thy garments tight  
Who was so beautiful I called him Spring?

## MUSIC, IN AN AVENUE

I KNEW the Minstrel not, and yet I knew  
He played on pipes of Pan as he went by,  
And that a passion boundless as the sky  
Ran like a golden flame, his measures through.  
I thought, this Minstrel will the gods pursue  
Till they await his coming, nor deny  
That their melodious ways together lie,  
The while he dreams some deathless note to woo!  
On, past me, like a nightingale he swept,  
While the June air a-throb with music swayed,  
On, through the avenue where the stone hounds  
    slept;  
And as the western glory on them strayed,  
I think they roused, but a fierce silence kept,  
Quelled by the magic of the strains he played.

They who play pipes of Pan are never spent,  
And I shall hear, from some resplendent height  
That he will reach in his imperial flight,  
Rapture on rapture by the Minstrel sent ;  
Elect to race with gods, behold he went  
Flying upon his way toward Love and Light,  
That are their fairest goals, and tuned to sight  
Came face to face with the Omnipotent.  
Flute on, O Minstrel in thy wondrous June !  
And all the lilies, listening thee, will blow,  
And 'cross more silver seas will sail the moon,  
Till with song-bladed wings thy soul shall go  
And out of some near Eden snatch a tune,  
That all the coming centuries shall know.

## TO A FLOCK OF DOVES

OH doves, that in my childhood wakened me  
As cooing from the long low roof ye swept,  
How often to my window have I crept  
The heaving of thy snowy breasts to see,  
And watched ye fluttering by to some near tree  
With throats agleam, while ye still cooing kept,  
Then startled turn, as if your young still slept,  
And plunge yourselves in morning's radiancy.  
Oh doves, divine, sweet doves, ye have flown by;  
Wherefore did I not then your wings implore  
And hide me from Life's awful scrutiny,  
Or to a refuge on some Sinai soar?  
Oh dove, come back and teach my soul to fly,  
And lend your peace, ye doves, your peace—and  
more.

## THE ENCHANTED LAND

O THOU enchanted land, thou land of dreams,  
In which with childhood's fabled gods I dwelt,  
From those immortals unto whom I knelt,  
The golden light of revelation streams;  
I see upon their mighty foreheads gleams  
Of that Elysian sun, 'neath which I felt  
I too was of their race, ere time had dealt  
Its weaponed blows, and left these scars and  
          seams;  
It is the coming Spring that stirs my veins  
And bears to a dull red life's smoldering fire;  
I hear the echoes of Olympian strains,  
And as the flower-shod Spring draws nigher and  
          nigher,  
From that far dreamland, ere Spring wholly  
          reigns,  
Hark, the faint music of Apollo's lyre.

A RHAPSODY

I LIE in a dream, Spring scents blowing o'er me,  
Elysian expanses stretched endless before me,  
And hear, as from Eden, evangels implore me.

Through the outswept horizon, in golden air show-  
ing,  
Shine wind-wafted palm trees, and white lilies  
blowing.  
And my soul seems enwinged, toward eternal light  
going.

I lie in a transport—ah, is it but seeming?  
Shall I waken unlit, by the glory down stream-  
ing?—  
Then let me remain, on divine brink of dreaming.

## IN MID-OCEAN

MILLIONS of emerald waves that light the sea  
Beckon me back to that imperial shore  
Where August wildflowers glitter as of yore ;  
I, turned to that, where blooms the fleur-de-lis.  
Beyond the sheen, I know how radiantly  
Enamored butterflies, through sunshine, soar  
And bees with golden shackles wander o'er  
Their gaudy prisons, reckless as if free.  
The ship I tread seems breathing as it plies ;  
I feel its great heart beat like some live thing ;  
I watch the sea it wounds, that, half healed, lies  
Trailing behind to where I fain would wing,  
And sweeping past all these immensities,  
In sight of hilltops hear the thrushes sing.



An endless bosomed sea, stretched east and west,  
Still palpitating with the unweaned night,  
A monstrous waste of waves, nought else in sight  
Save the great sun just rising, as in quest  
Of the drowned universe: Lo, crest on crest  
Of the dark waves, breaks into silver light,  
And I am lifted out of half-affright,  
To where my soul and morning are abreast;  
Yet speed, brave ship, speed onward to that shore  
Where sing the nightingales 'neath perfect  
    moons,

And let me see upon the grass once more  
The August sunshine wooing August noons,  
And in some sylvan glade hear o'er and o'er  
The forest harps whisper Æolian tunes.

## MARGUERITES

I PLUCKED the marguerites I loved so well,  
With yellow petals that seemed one by one  
Like dazzling rays drawn downward from the sun  
And circling set, till to these flowers they fell.  
“O signals of the past,” I said, “go tell  
The birds high singing, with the Spring o’errun,  
Ye will be breathless when Spring’s self is done,  
Who heard their playmate answering from the  
dell.”

Careless I pass, though gorgeous to behold  
Myriads of wildflowers that the light winds swing.  
For these, brimmed with the noon’s incarnate  
gold,  
That to their sunrayed hearts the old light bring,  
Till I can see, as years had backward rolled,  
That star-voiced child still, star-voiced, chasing  
Spring.

UNFETTERED

THE insistent sunshine has impassioned brought  
Anemones and violets to sight;  
And from their fragrances the birds in flight  
Have a divine intoxication caught,  
And into their impetuous songs have wrought  
New fire of ecstasy! Lilies grow white  
And flash to silver bloom, in dazzling light  
Of the imperial days, and skies wear naught  
Of fleece or shadow, but serene and fair  
With azure palpitate. Illumined swing  
The ruby fringes budding maples bear,  
And the warm vapor rising seems to bring  
Mysterious murmurs pulsing through the air  
Like the winged rapture of escaping spring.

## DAFFODILS

Beneath the irised dawns of early spring,  
The daffodils have drunken their fill of gold  
From the great yellow-breasted sun, and hold  
Their leaf-rimmed chalices aloft, and swing  
Tall stemmed and slender, as if so to bring  
Into their deeps the raptures manifold,  
That spilled from Heaven are to an avalanche  
    rolled

From choirs of birds in music rioting:—  
The earth seems borne to one tumultuous song  
As of a breathless ecstasy possessed,  
And its warm blood that hurrying sweeps along  
Runs like a tide through each gold-laden breast,  
And to these perfumed flowers that spring's heart  
    throng  
The mighty passion of spring's heart is pressed.

## TO A MARCH BLUE BIRD

THOU lover of the April, sweeping by  
With azure bladed wings, and bosom bright,  
Thou stayest not, in thine impatient flight,  
But to the dazzling hearted sun on high,  
Waiting thy coming in the eastern sky,  
Thou hurriest to pour forth thy delight.  
Sing, though not yet, thine April is in sight  
And thou mayst lure her soundless footsteps  
nigh;  
Thou art not daunted, though thou hear'st the  
ring,  
Above the murmurous voices in the air,  
Of the March breezes' noisy trumpeting:  
But singest, for her coming to prepare,  
Seeing adown the mystic hills of spring  
The streaming gold of thy belovéd's hair.

## SEA GULLS

THE sea's salt winds are blowing to and fro  
The soft young grasses on the headland nigh,  
And 'bove the foaming surges swirling by,  
Out through the opal spray, the white gulls go—  
Out, tireless out they wheel, until they grow,  
As past the sunrise in full flower they fly,  
Into pale blurs of silver lines, that lie  
Phantomed on the horizon's burnished glow—  
What pilgrimage is theirs, as bathed in light,  
They vanish from my vision, none can say;  
If to some fairy sea that lies in sight  
Or to their cliff-built nests they take their way;  
I only know that guided in their flight  
Nor winds nor tempests from their goal can stay.

A FELLOW CRAFTSMAN

THOU fellow craftsman in the world of thought,  
Who from its everlasting deeps hast won  
Consummate visions radiant as the sun;  
Hast thou in some transcendent moment wrought  
A dawn's resplendence into verse, or caught  
The rapture of a thrush when day was done  
And felt it through thy veins enflooding run  
To scarlet rhythm? If so, thou needest naught.  
If so, then all the jeweled pomp of kings  
Would not entice thee—larger grandeurs thine  
Who canst send forth thy soul upon its wings  
And sweep out past the stars—and in a line  
Put goldener fires than shine in Saturn's rings.  
If so, thou hast quaffed Heaven, in Heaven's own  
wine.

## THE CORONATION

LONDON, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

LONDON ablaze in its June pageantry  
Consummate bloom and color everywhere,  
With ensigns streaming through the yellow air,  
And measured thud of horses, far and nigh,  
And lines of stately chariots rolling by,  
And glittering stars that into rainbows flare  
That foreign potentates and princes wear,  
And England's King and Queen, 'neath England's sky;  
On, on, and on, in royal state they came,  
Summer's omnipotence at golden crest;  
And crowds, in thoroughfares with flowers  
    afame,  
Eager to watch their coming, breathless pressed,  
While from their lips sprang forth, with one acclaim  
A mighty transport echoing East and West.



And music swirled, and through the air up flew,  
Higher and higher and higher, and still more  
high,

Until it smote the bosom of the sky  
And into an o'erwhelming rapture grew,  
As if, the music played the ages through  
At all the Coronations, flooding by  
Into the chorus as it crashed on high,  
Had Time escaping, leaped to sound anew;  
On, on, Archbishops gorgeously arrayed,  
Envoys and Papal Powers and soldiers massed,  
To beat of drums, and blare of bugles played,  
Triumphal borne, the King and Queen went past,  
The tribute of a Kingdom still unpaid,  
To claim, their Seals of Sovereignty at last.

O'ercanopied with June, on, on they went  
Into the Abbey, wherein have been crowned  
All England's Kings, and where, new kingdoms  
found,

They sleep upon its breast magnificent;  
The royal pair, as if for Sacrament,  
Waited enrapt; and all the air was drowned  
In a vast hush, like music slipped from sound,  
While the Archbishops, splendid laden, bent,  
And 'mid the Prelates, with their ritual power  
Amid the mighty, mighty with renown,  
The whole high heaven, as prescient of the hour,  
Upon the twain, dazzling enthroned, looked  
down,

And saw them each—each England's flawless  
flower

Regal receive, the baptism of a Crown.

## AFTER THE CORONATION

THE splendid coronation rites are o'er;  
The Te Deums sung; and the young King and  
Queen

Crowned and anointed 'mid the pomp and sheen,  
Have left the Abbey to its hush once more:—  
The streets are filled with people; din and roar  
Of London's traffic has been changed to scene  
Of unaccustomed revels, and between  
The Mall and Strand, thousands and thousands  
pour.

St. Paul's is bathed in light; the summer air  
Is like a prism, ashine with every hue;  
The city's heavy smoke lies here and there,  
Like amber mountains, piled against the blue,  
And songs in snatches, are heard everywhere  
With notes of happy laughter rippling through.

And dotted over London's mighty breast,  
Like mimic stars, in glittering points of gold,  
The wonders of the countless shows are told:—  
A child's balloon escapes; music is pressed  
From toy harmonicas, and all unguessed  
Puzzles are shown, that lure both young and old  
To watch their solving by the Fakirs bold,  
In gorgeous oriental costumes dressed:—  
The sea of pleasure rushes madly on,  
And cares are half forgotten in the glow;  
And even England's yeomen have been won  
From fields, where violets and hawthorne blow,  
And hills with heather purpling in the sun  
Boldly, through labyrinthine snares, to go:—

Gayer and gayer still, the streets have grown;  
The crowds have quaffed the sparkle and the  
gleam

Of June's imperial wine, and as in dream  
With tireless feet tread ways with flowers be-  
strewn:—

The Sun that through the days has riotous shone,  
Has sent down, now and then, a scarlet beam  
That lit the Abbey, standing forth supreme,  
As if to massive flame it had been blown:—  
The city's noisy murmur ebbs and flows,  
Cannons afar off boom, and near bells ring,  
Life into tidal exultation grows,  
The multitudes rejoice—the planets swing:—  
And this, O England, is thy matchless show,  
London—thy people, and thy new crowned King.

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## AT THE LAST

## I

If this is the end, what is left me to say?  
I have loved, I have dreamed, and have soared,  
    and have wept,  
And the world will not know when I sail past the  
    bay  
Since mine eyes on invisible beacons were kept  
That my passionate heart drop by drop bled  
    away.

## II

The world will not know, nay, it never has known,  
That my soul has swept morning from east unto  
    west  
Upon what pinions lifted, through what ether  
    blown  
What knowledge have I who have lain breast to  
    breast  
With the transcendent sun on its transcendent  
    throne.

III

If this is the end, what is left me to say?  
I have been to the gateways of asphodels borne  
And the world will forget when I sail past the  
    bay  
Though my footprints have paths to Gethsemane  
    worn  
That my passionate heart drop by drop bled  
    away.









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